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JUNE 28, 1965 35 CENTS
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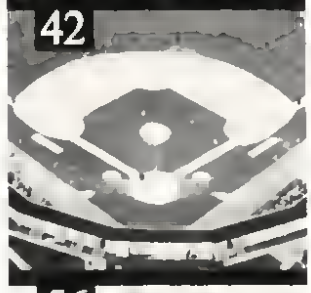
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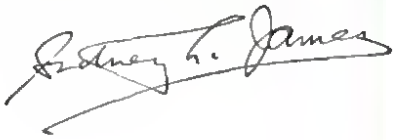
A TENNIS BONANZA an essay in color on grass court action, a lesson by Bill Talbert on how to serve, and a look at the Richey family of Dallas, for whom tennis is everything.

A MISSION FOR L.B.J. takes Bayard Ashcroft to the Delaware Water Gap, and he relates his misadventures to Harvard classmate Phipps Piper in another of his ingenuous letters.

HARDEST-HITTING of the Sneads is not Sam, the old plutocrat of the pros, but brother Homer, the older autocrat of the driving range, who rarely hides his provocative opinions.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



Associate Editor Gwilym Brown, who this week tells the story of the unique resorts run by Laurance Rockefeller, is a Rockefeller chronicler of long standing. Way back in junior year at The Cambridge School of Weston, Mass., Brown was already writing a review which was, its title page declared, "an impartial and unemotional treatise on the biography of Standard Oil and John D. Rockefeller." Impartial reviewer Brown found *God's Gold*, a standard work by John Flynn, "full of rebate rates and stock holdings" but relieved by disclosures that John D.'s father was a patent-medicine salesman and that "Rockefeller always explained his monetary moves by saying that God wanted him to centralize a tremendous fortune and free the oil industry of wasteful competition." Junior Brown was so struck by the latter theme that he painstakingly drew on the title page of his report an open, appropriately Biblical-looking book. On the left-hand page he inscribed a quotation from the prophet Haggai: "The silver is mine and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of Hosts (Hag. 2:8)." On the right-hand page he put a quotation from John D. Rockefeller: "God gave me my money."

Brown, after recently traveling 15,000 miles in eight days to cover the immense scope of grandson Laurance Rockefeller's resort activities, now believes that God, in addition to giving John D. his money, also deeded over to Rockefeller and his heirs in perpetuity the whirlwind from which He once spoke to Job, one of His earlier wealthy servants. To keep up with the Rockefellers, Gwilym rode four jets, five charter planes, three motor launches, one jeep, seven taxis and five private cars to get from New York to Hawaii, to San Juan, to the British Virgin Islands, to St. John, to St. Croix. But Brown, who runs marathons in his spare time, is a pretty fair entry in the whirlwind league himself. Besides encompassing in one long week the domain of a Rockefeller who transplants groves of banyan trees and troves of 700-year-old art, Gwil found time to climb two mountains, swim in two oceans and two bays, and shoot a 43 for nine holes of golf at Dorado.

Still, there were difficulties, thorny in a manner more than merely metaphoric. Bob Hoke, Laurance's publicity man, warned Brown to bring something more than just a bathing suit when he came to Hawaii and Mauna Kea. "The sun is hot," he said, "and there are thorns sticking out of tree roots that will go right through the sole of an ordinary shoe." Forewarned was forearmed, or at least foreshod. Gwilym's first confrontation with Laurance was not at the Rockefeller ranch—known, intriguingly, as the White House—but on the site of the new Mauna Kea Beach Hotel. With trousers tucked into thick-soled orange leather desert boots and with a wide-brimmed straw hat clamped onto his head, Brown stumbled toward his subject. "I certainly didn't look like anything out of Sporting Look," he says, "but I figured Rockefeller at least had to give me points for preparedness."

Laurance's distaste for artificial air conditioning also presented some problems. Spending the night in one of Little Dix's suited cabins, Brown, to get a good cross draft, opened up all the louvers provided by a louver-generous Rockefeller. "When I climbed out of bed the next morning," Gwilym remembers, "it was broad daylight, the louvers were wide open and there I was, on public display, scrambling to jump into the pajamas I had foresightedly left off the night before. I suddenly knew what it felt like to be one of those girls they hang in cages in Go-Go joints."

Brown, however, survived his embarrassment. The tale he lived to tell, a second impartial and unemotional treatise on Rockefeller enterprise, begins on page 68. The first one, incidentally, got a B plus.

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SHOPWALK

Former Champion René Lacoste has designed a new steel tennis racket

René Lacoste, a French tennis champion of the 1920s, is today perhaps better known for his style of shirts than for his style of play. In his heyday he was called the Alligator—possibly because he ate up opponents—and his shirts are emblazoned with a tiny alligator design. It was he who introduced the comfortable knit polo shirt to tennis, replacing the starch, cuffs and collars of an earlier day. Last year more than a million *chemises Lacostes* were sold in 60 countries. Now Lacoste, a silver-haired industrialist, has streamlined the steel-framed racket of the '20s, and he believes this new version will eventually replace the wooden racket. "Just like steel shafts replaced those of wood in golf clubs," he says. "The old prewar steel racket was very strong but had absolutely no elasticity or resiliency." His version, Lacoste insists, is different.

Lacoste's innovation, which looks like a large tea strainer, is made of chrome-plated steel tubing. The steel tube frame forms an inside groove in which a strip of crimped steel wire is placed. This "crown," as Lacoste calls it, is then secured by another steel wire wound in a spiral around the tubing, and thus becomes the anchor for the strings. No holes, which Lacoste says would weaken the frame, are needed. He prefers nylon to gut, but either may be used.

"The steel frame," says Lacoste, "gives a remarkable resilience and spring to the racket. The frame is much rounder and therefore more rational. The horizontal strings are almost as long as the vertical ones, giving them about the same tension. With a wooden frame, it is difficult to do this."

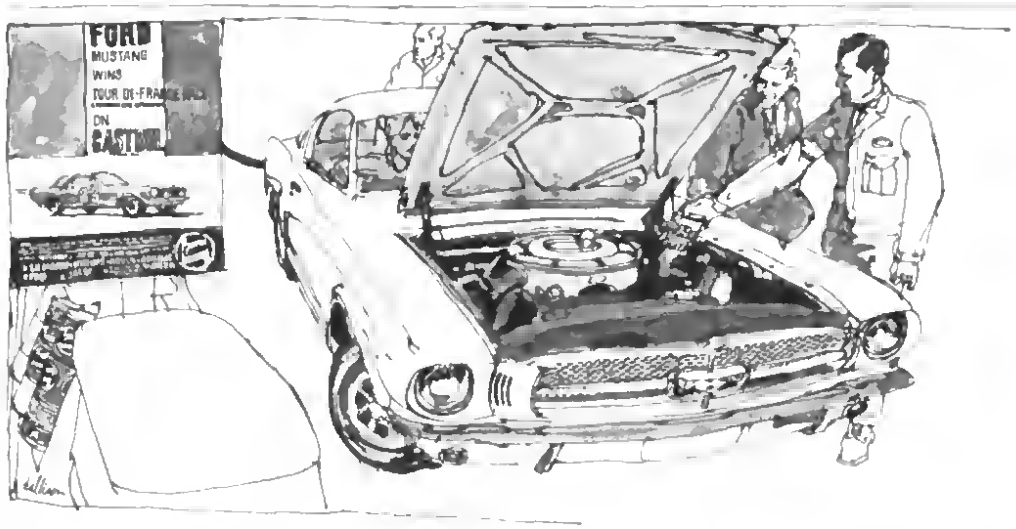
The slender tubing of Lacoste's frame comes down to form an open Y-shaped throat and shaft, cutting down wind resistance. The handle itself is made of lightweight plastic covered with leather. Because of the racket's aerodynamic shape and the whiplike action of its steel frame, Lacoste believes a player can hit a ball faster with less effort.

When strung with nylon, the Lacoste racket does not require a press. "You can leave it out in the rain or dip it into a bathtub," Lacoste says. It is not necessary to change tennis rules and regulations to permit the use of the new design for a simple reason: there are no rules governing shape and size of tennis rackets. "I once played," says Lacoste, "with a solid wood racket that resembled a large ping-pong paddle." The only real trouble with the new racket is that it is noisy. The steel frame acts somewhat like a tuning fork, and it emits a high-pitched ping whenever a ball is hit.

Currently four Paris sporting goods shops are selling the Lacoste racket for about the same price as a first-rate wooden one. With traditional gut, it is $40, with nylon string $31, and unstrung, $28. It is not yet available in the U.S.

Although many people believe the steel-strung, steel-framed rackets of the '20s passed into oblivion along with tennis flannels, they are wrong. The Dayton Racquet Company of Arcanum, Ohio has been making steel rackets continuously since 1920, with the exception of the war years from 1942 to 1945. Most are sold to playgrounds. During the 1930s, the company experimented with steel rackets strung with gut and silk strings but found such rackets lacked the longevity of all-steel versions. In a recent test, a 240-pound football player stood on a Dayton racket without noticeably damaging it. The company makes four models, each available in light, medium and heavy weights, priced from $10 to $20.

—Paul Stewart



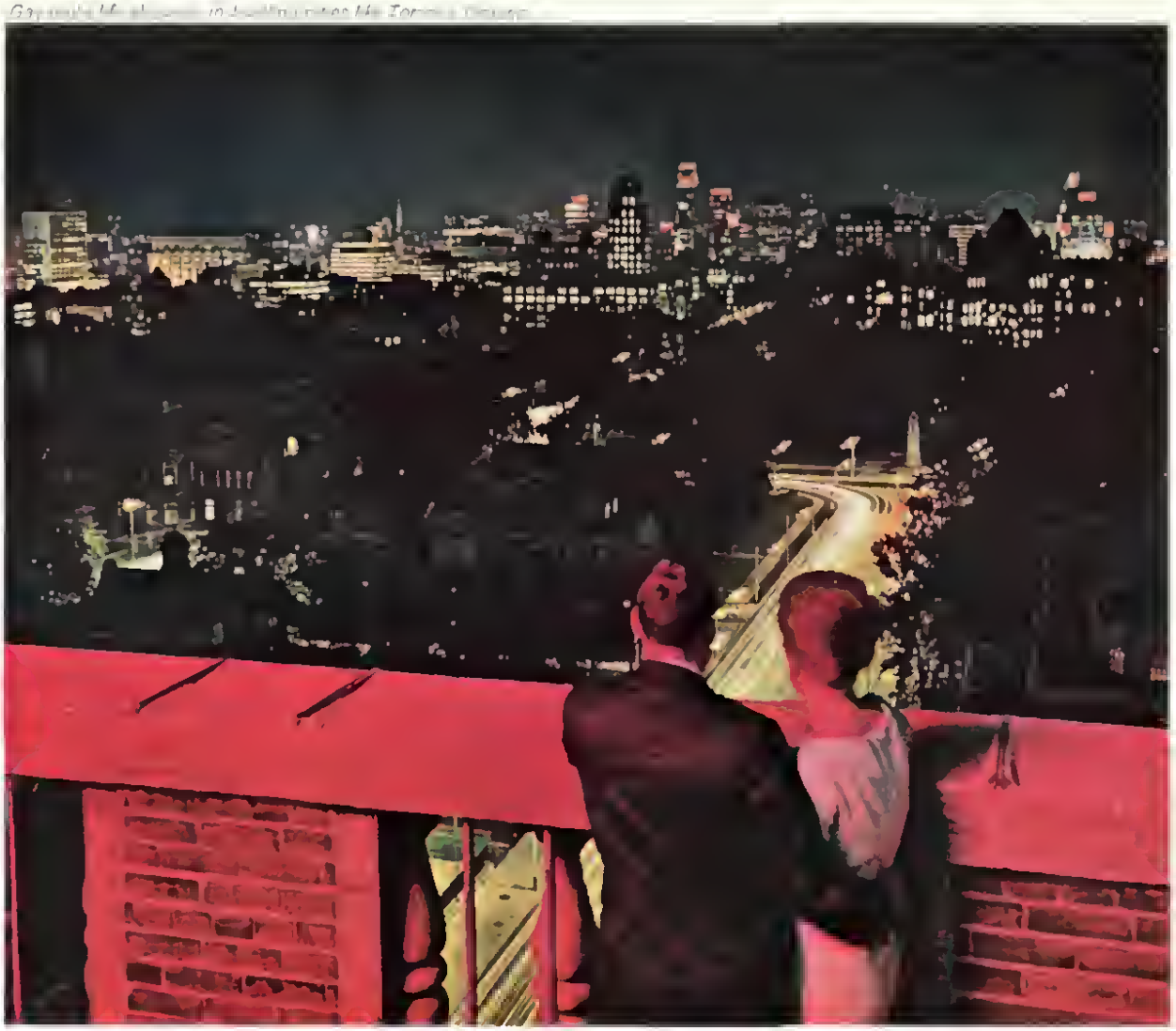
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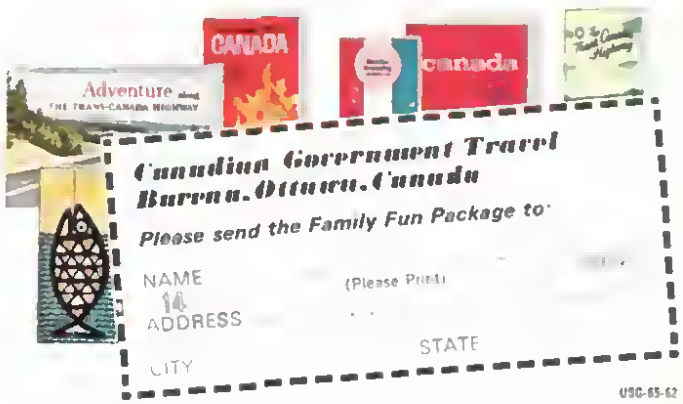
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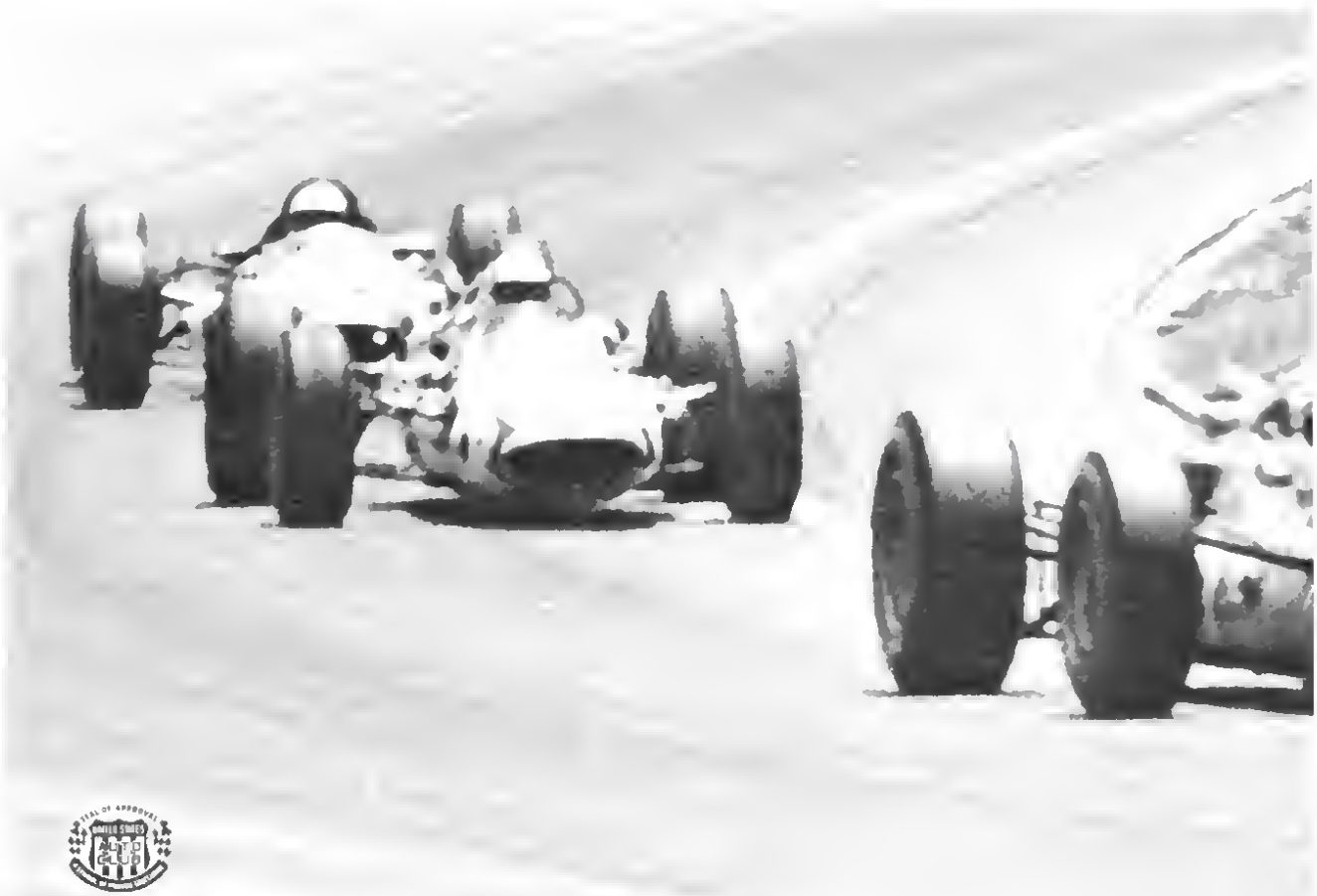
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MILWAUKEE 200	Firestone 17—Others 1
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More drivers keep winning on Firestone tires



ART ARFONS

World Land Speed Record of [illegible] tire to [illegible] Salt Flats [illegible]



PARNELLI JONES

[illegible] United States Auto Club Stock Car Champion [illegible] [illegible] all [illegible] tires



FRED LORENZEN

[illegible] Daytona [illegible] Indianapolis [illegible] order of [illegible] on Firestone [illegible]



JIM HALL

Won the [illegible] Four Grand Prix on Firestone tires. [illegible] when [illegible] Firestone [illegible] [illegible] Speedways. Firestone [illegible] [illegible] drivers at Riverside.



RAP SHARP

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SCORECARD

FISTS AND FUSTIAN

As a predictable aftermath of the widely misinterpreted heavyweight title fight between Cassius Clay and Sonny Liston, one of those perennial bills to ban prizefighting was presented to the Senate of the New York legislature. What was not so predictable was that the bill came close to passing. The vote was only 29 to 27 against it.

In the bombast of debate on a subject that few, if any, of the politicians know much about, the issue became confused with the incidence of injury in basketball, the inept play of the New York Mets (if the fight was such a fiasco that it called for the abolition of boxing, why not ban baseball because of the Mets?), the repeal of parimutuel betting and capital punishment.

Very little of pertinence was offered by either side. Senator Joseph Zaretzki, Democratic majority leader who introduced the bill, congratulated the state athletic commission because it refused to license Liston. "They realized his ineptness from the very beginning," said Zaretzki. In fact, the commission refused to license Liston because of his underworld connections, not for ineptness. He was considered a veritable killer in those days.

And so on. Prizefighting, which does need reforms, was saved from ignorant destruction in one of its few remaining strongholds by a chillingly narrow margin. Let us hope—with diffidence—that something constructively efficient will come out of the congressional Interstate Commerce Committee hearings scheduled to start next month.

GOLDEN EGG

Early Bird crowed proudly last Saturday morning, then laid a big egg in its debut of live sports coverage from abroad. A faulty ground relay blacked out the early phases of the famed 24 Hours of Le Mans. But six hours later the 85-pound communications satellite was transmitting Le Mans strong and clear, as fine a justification as a bird ever had. Even so, watching Le Mans at night is like watching fireflies in a coal pit. In broad daylight the next morning, by the end of 2,906 miles, the race was a tepid procession of a handful of lame cars merely trying to finish. All that was significant in the race was not to be discovered in a mere view of it.

This, of course, is like criticizing early radio for making a singer out of Rudy Vallee. The pioneer's errors are significant only when they become established. Early Bird is just a mirror and not responsible for the triviality or ineptitude of the messages it reflects. But it is up to someone in command to think upon the responsibility that is inherent in Early Bird's immense power to affect world culture, as radio has done, as television is doing. As we have seen, two high school classes discussing The Beatles or a view of a bikini hardly justify such a power. Neither did the Le Mans broadcast, thrilling though it was to see the dream of transatlantic sports TV become fact.

In time, Early Bird's manipulators will learn to use their extraordinary power for the common good. Of course they will. Isn't this what CBS, NBC and ABC have done already?

ONE MORE CHAPTER

What is it about the New York Mets that makes them capable of piling one impossible act atop another? Not counting the World Series, the Mets have now played more than 500 games since being formed only four years ago, but last week they were going about their madness once more. They lost 15 of 17 games, scored only 23 runs in 155 innings, yet defeated Jim Maloney of the Cincinnati Reds after he pitched a no-hitter against them for 10 marvelous innings. What next? Who knows? Who ever, ever knows with the Mets?

Simon and Schuster have published a small book entitled *Love Letters to the Mets* (compiled by Bill Adler with illustrations by George Price). It is, like its subject, good for laughs. The letters were sent to the team and to Manager Casey Stengel. "Dear Casey," one reads, "I wrote to the President. I asked for help for the Mets. I didn't hear yet." Another says, "Dear Sir: Please send me the locations of all the bathrooms in Shea Stadium. I am taking my kid brother to the game next Saturday." One letter, signed Bruce Plante, Team Manager, reads, "Dear Mr. Stengel. Our team is the Hicksville Starlings. We want to trade. We will trade you Mark Hurley, our catcher, for Ron Hunt. Hurley is a .400 hitter, so we want cash and some bats and balls plus Ron Hunt. This is a fair trade. Don't announce this trade to the papers yet because we haven't told Hurley." Another asks a favor for an 86-year-old grandaunt of a young Met fan. "Aunt Tillie doesn't understand English too well. When she listens to the Met games on the radio she has a difficult time following what is going on. Do you think you could hire an announcer that speaks Yiddish? He could call the plays in Yiddish after the regular announcer does in English. There are many old ladies that are Met fans like Aunt Tillie. Open up your heart to them. How much could a Yiddish announcer cost?"

LONG, HARD SUMMER

Remember those old movies in which the football coach is riding along the country road with Ma in the Model A and sees a farm boy throw a watermelon



over the barn? The brakes screech, and the old coach leans out and says, "Son, how would you like to . . .?"

Such a serendipitous scout would be due for an eye-popping summer this year. Now that Mexican farm labor is unavailable, Michigan pickle farmers and California vegetable growers are

continued

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frantically recruiting domestic workers, and many are hiring entire high school football teams. Sometimes the coach is hired, too, as a crew leader.

The program was originated by the U.S. Department of Labor, which calls the crews A-TEAMS. (Athletes in Temporary Employment as Agricultural Manpower, see?) The boys will earn from $1.15 to $1.40 an hour, plus transportation and housing but minus $2.25 a day for meals. It is suggested that crew leaders supplement the work exercise with fitness drills. The boys are scheduled to return home in time for the start of football practice.

After a summer of stoop labor, scrimmaging will be a pleasure.

TURNABOUT

Two years ago young Bill Bradley of El Dorado, Ark. was struck by lightning at a Little League game and lost his eyesight. Brought to Houston for surgery, he asked Bob Aspromonte, Astro third baseman, to hit a home run for him the night before his operation. Aspromonte hit the home run. After the operation, his sight still defective, the boy returned to Houston for treatment and made a similar request. This time Aspromonte hit a grand slam that won a game. Bill is now back home, his sight recovered. The other day Aspromonte got a newspaper clipping in the mail which reported that Bill Bradley had pitched a no-run, no-hit game. The note attached said, "This one I pitched for you."

NOT TO THE SWIFT

There were 200 contestants in the 13-mile walking race at Coleraine, Ireland, among them Mrs. Mary Thompson, who apologized for finishing a mere 17th. "I would have done better," she said, "but for the nail I got in my foot." She might also have done better if she had been younger than 75.

AEROGOLF

Reinstated by the U.S. Golf Association and in use at the U.S. Open last week was one of the four major golf balls that had been banned from tournament play by the USGA a month ago. Approved as now within the maximum velocity allowed by the Rules of Golf was Acushnet's Titleist DT. Acushnet began reducing velocity of the DT two months ago in order to meet specifications, the USGA said. Also approved for tourna-

continued



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The Deans find that Broxodent makes it so easy and pleasant to get teeth really *clean*, the whole mouth refreshed. Dentists everywhere have told people like the Deans, about this modern way to clean teeth.

Broxodent, introduced by Squibb, is completely *different from any other electric toothbrush*. Its tiny brush moves up and down at an unfailing rate of 120 strokes per second—to whisk food particles from the teeth and refresh the gums. There are no batteries to run down, or that need recharging or replacement.

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Squibb, a leader in dental research, has run a single Broxodent continually, in laboratory tests for more than a year. That's equivalent to years and years of regular after-meal brushing by even the largest family.

When you buy an electric toothbrush, spend enough to get the best. Enjoy more efficient and longer service with Broxodent. Complete with 4 different colored interchangeable brushes plus special holder for handle and brushes.

The Broxodent toothbrush has been provisionally accepted as an effective cleansing device for use as part of a program of good oral hygiene to supplement the regular professional care required for oral health

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ment use was a special Spalding Black Dot marked with a C. Still too hot to meet the velocity restrictions were the regular Spalding Black Dot, the Spalding Black Dot 100 Compression and the Titleist DT 100.

Now comes a new question for the rulesmakers. Some golfers—though not the touring pros—are playing with balls covered with a liquid hitherto sprayed on the wings and fuselage of airplanes to reduce aerodynamic drag. Called "On The Ball," it is said to add up to 20% more yardage to one's drive.

CHINA GETS IN THE SWIM

The Chinese masses function like the "water in the gully" theory of their philosopher Mencius. You guide it and it flows, having no preference for right or left. But it only works downhill.

The Chinese are exhorted to advance by Great Communal Leaps. They leaped from farms into factories—and then back onto farms. The latest leap is into the swim, a collective plunge for health, stamina and for courage in adversity. Backed by the army general staff, the Sports Commission and the Communist Youth League, the program calls for nationwide participation in swimming under difficult, natural conditions such as mass river crossings. Mere swimming is not enough. It must be a struggle against nature in "big winds and big waves found in big lakes or the open sea."

The leap started last year when Chairman Mao Tse-tung, at 71, jumped into a Peking reservoir and breaststroked across, choosing the route, it was said, where the current was strongest and the water the coldest. This spring a delegate to the National People's Congress found that Mao's bath had been beneficial. "His sturdy stature, broad shoulders and beaming red cheeks are, without a doubt, a testimony that our beloved leader is in the very best of health, a fact that was a supreme joy to all of us."

China's leap into the Fountain of Youth reveals obvious undercurrents of a campaign for combat preparedness. Mao would like all members of the militia and the army to learn to swim. A general directive from Defense Minister Lin Piao requires troops to cut down on mountain climbing and develop "freedom of movement in watery regions."

It is pure fantasy to suggest it, but one wonders if the new Chinese Crawl may not have an unexpected result. What if, while Mao breaststrokes calmly in the reservoir, the people, like lemmings, take to the open sea?

GOODBY TO THE CHINOOK

In the days of Lewis and Clark incoming hordes of salmon surged up the Columbia River in such numbers that, as the cliché has it, you could walk across the river on their backs. Even 10 years ago Washington State's publicity literature never failed to include at least one dramatic photograph of teams of farm horses pulling loaded fish nets at low tide on the sand flats at the mouth of the Columbia. It was the greatest Chinook salmon river in the world.

This month the entire summer commercial salmon fishing season in the Columbia was wiped out by a joint decision of the Oregon Fish Commission and the Washington State Department of Fisheries. It was the first time in the river's long history that a fishing season had been abolished completely. In recent years the commercial season has been a mere token few days. In 1964 just two days' fishing was permitted for Chinook and three days for sockeye salmon. But this year fisheries biologists predicted very small runs and noted that adequate reproduction would require that all the fish, outside of the few taken by sport fishermen, reach the spawning ground.

In terms of commercial pack, salmon runs on the Columbia have been declining since 1900, in part because early cannery operators exploited them mercilessly, but in far greater part because construction of the Grand Coulee and other dams destroyed all upriver runs and in time the river became a series of stagnant half-lakes. Construction of about $100 million in fishways, artificial spawning channels, fish ladders and such did no more than slow the decline.

"The Columbia isn't a fisheries river anymore," a fisheries biologist said. "It is a power source, and no river can be both."

THEY SAID IT

• Note on the Fort Worth Boat Club bulletin board, during a regatta: "Billy Jackson, your wife had a baby at Harris Hospital. She would like to hear from you."

• Joan Moore, wife and business manager of Archie Moore, former light heavyweight champion: "Archie hasn't retired at all. He just isn't fighting anymore." **END**



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Sports Illustrated
JUNE 28, 1965

TWO FOREIGN BLOKES SHOCK THE SLAMMERS

America's power-conscious long hitters expected to dominate the U.S. Open, but it was little Gary Player from South Africa who ended up beating Australia's deft Kel Nagle in a playoff

by ALFRED WRIGHT

In 1962 Gary Player, the best golfer from Africa and a lot of other continents as well, privately promised friends that if he ever won the U.S Open he would donate the prize money to charity. Last Monday at Bellerive Country Club in St. Louis he firmly tapped in a short putt, turned from the hole and walked toward the scorer's tent with the businesslike air of a man about to give away $25,000, for 29-year-old Gary Player had finally won his U S. Open. It had not only taken him three years to reach his give-away goal and win America's biggest golf championship, it had also taken him an extra day, the second delay being caused not by one of the U.S. golfing greats, but another pesky foreigner, 44-year-old Australian Kel Nagle. A sure winner with only three holes to play on Sunday, Player gave away a three-stroke lead instead of the purse money and finished in a tie with Nagle at 282. On Monday he made no such mistake, winning by three strokes, 71 74. Minutes later he was giving $20,000 to the junior golf program of the USGA, $5,000 to a cancer fund, paying his caddie $2,000 and saying, "I am a foreigner here. The American people have treated me so well I wanted to give something back."

Gary's largess, it turned out, was the last of three shocks that Bellerive and the 1965 U.S. Open dealt to the competitors and to those who follow the game closely. The first came when an essentially simple par-3 hole suddenly arose to be the most treacherous in all the long and humbling history of the Open, and the second came when the very type of golfers who seemed to have the least chance to win turned out to be the ones with the best chance of all.

The explanation for two of these things was apparently the same: the emphasis on strength in U.S. golf has allowed numbers of young touring pros to neglect the careful and testing shots that certain holes, and certain courses, demand. It was a bad week for the close-your-eyes-and-hit boys, and, from the number of golf balls sunk in the muddy bottom of the pond that flanks Bellerive's 6th green, it was a wet week for them, too. It was not just coincidence that after four days and 72 holes of golf at this year's Open, two foreigners found themselves locked in a tie at 282, two strokes over Bellerive's unconquerable par. Gary Player himself had anticipated something of the kind when the tournament was only half over.

Until then, just about everyone had thought that Bellerive, at 7,191 yards the longest course on which an Open Championship has ever been played, would be dominated by strength, by Jack Nicklaus and Arnold Palmer and all the others who strike the golf ball like a cowboy trying to pole-ax a steer. "Distance is not so important here as you might think," Gary was explaining on Friday evening after taking a one-stroke lead over Nagle and Mason Rudolph, a very straight-hitting American from Tennessee. "You've got to remember about the rough, about the trouble on a long course like this. If you get in the rough it can hurt.

"The foreign players learn to hit the ball straighter," Gary went on. "In our countries, we have all this rough that you just would not believe, and you have absolutely no chance unless you can hit the ball straight. So we learn to hit it straight first. Then we learn to hit it a little harder."

By Sunday afternoon, Bellerive had showed it was indeed too tough to be simply attacked and overpowered. The large

continued

Player (left) and Nagle had plenty to enthuse about as they took the lead from the beginning and turned the 1965 Open into a closed affair.







and silent galleries, shuffling politely from hole to hole, told that story. Seldom was heard the great roar that greets a birdie putt by one of the leaders at a big tournament. The more common sound was the one that follows a double bogey, a groan that rose regularly over the soft sibilants of the wind that played through the leaves of the club's stately sycamores and elms. The groan became the hallmark of this year's U.S. Open.

But the first groans at Bellerive came from some of the players, who were upset by the length of the course. In 1960, to escape the creeping suburbs, Bellerive built its new course on the rolling Missouri farmlands west of St. Louis, and Robert Trent Jones, who designed it, must have gotten as swept up as the members were with all that open space. He used up miles of it.

Its fairways and greens were in splendid shape and the rough was not the impenetrable jungle it had been at some of the previous Open locales, but Bellerive got no good words from the kind of golfers who could not quite drive the ball across the Mississippi at its widest point—Deane Beman, for instance. Twice the U.S. Amateur champion and once the British, Beman must be rated as one of the two or three best amateurs of this generation. He is not, however, a very long hitter as modern golfers go. "This," he said about Bellerive on the day before the tournament began, "is lousy. It just typifies modern golf—long holes and big greens and no subtlety. I guess you would have to call me old-fashioned, but I don't see any merit in a golf course like this. It isn't a test of anything except whether you can hit the ball a mile."

On the other hand, Mike Souchak, who can hit the ball a mile, was inclined to minimize the size of the course. "You fellows put too much emphasis on the big hitters," he said to reporters. "You ought to be looking around for the garbage players. The garbage players win the Open—Venturi, Boros, Casper—guys who can get it up and down in two from around the green." When it comes to assessing golf courses, you can now score Souchak 1 up over Beman.

There is not a better garbage player in golf than Kel Nagle, who has been winning tournaments for the last 16 years, including the 1960 British Open, but has never won in the U.S. On this first day at Bellerive, Nagle came smilingly off the 18th green with a 68, two under par. It was only a little after noontime, so the day was young, and there was plenty of time for Nagle's early lead to evaporate, but when the last player in the big field holed out at 8:30 that night Nagle was still ahead.

It hardly seemed possible that a short hitter like Nagle could outplay all the famed sluggers at Bellerive. On four of the par-4 holes he had to use fairway woods to reach the greens, "and I would have on another hole as well," he said, "if I hadn't driven into the rough."

As if the short-hitting Nagle were not surprise enough, one of the two players trailing him by a stroke was Beman, who makes Nagle look like a muscle man. Of dire necessity and from long experience, Beman is an artist with the fairway woods, and relishes using them. (His wife, Miriam, who has a five-wood, says, "When we play I am always saying, 'Deane, can I hit an iron now, please?' 'No,' he says, 'hit the five-wood.'") On this day Beman had to play fairway wood shots 13 times in 18 holes. Tied with Beman at 69 was consistent Mason Rudolph.

continued

LIFE AT THE CEMETERY HOLE

THE 6TH: 195 YARDS, PAR 3

Here is how the toughest hole in Open history, one aptly marked by tombstones, sank the self-esteem of golf's best players.

	1ST DAY	2ND DAY	3RD DAY	4TH DAY	TOTAL
2s	3	12	5	6	26
3s	66	70	26	27	189
4s	52	29	11	14	106
5s	21	26	8	3	58
6s	5	4	—	—	9
7s	1	1	—	—	2
8s	1	1	—	—	2
9s	1	—	—	—	1
STROKES OVER PAR	121	90	22	14	247

For days the pros had practiced at Bellerive as they prepared for the U.S. Open, yet not once did they suspect that the greatest terror on the course would be the tiny pond lapping at the edge of the relatively routine 6th hole. But when play began some alchemy of tension and circumstance gripped them as they faced the 6th, and what followed was at first startling, and then ludicrous. By Thursday noon, before half the field had hit shots toward the elongated green, with its three traps and its water on the right, a marshal near the hole had run out of paper on which he had been noting lost balls and similar disasters and had begun to make a mark on his belt at each splash. At week's end 82 balls had been hit into the pond by players on the 6th (and 14 more by golfers playing the adjacent 5th hole). The roster of their names was impressive, including the likes of Nicklaus, Lema and Beman. On Friday, Dave Ragan, a tour veteran, hit a tee shot in, then a wedge shot in, and then still another. This time he could see his ball. He took off one shoe and sock, waded in, swung through the muck at it, flew it over the green, bounced it off a tree, chipped on and one-putted for an 8. The two pros playing with him also hit into the water. Minutes later Dean Refram tried to play a ball imbedded at the water's edge and had it sail backward over his shoulder and into the pond, a feat that brought roars of laughter from a gallery that was now considering big-time golf to be high comedy. But pity most poor Bob Panasiuk, an unfortunate Canadian pro who got a 9 by landing his tee shot on the fast green, then putting the ball past the flagstick into the pond. It all added up to the worst performance in the annals of the U.S. Open—and a duffer's delight.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IOOSS JR. AND NEIL LEIFER

Brave and bare-shinned Kermit Zarley gets set to slosh his ball out of the green slime on the infamous 6th. He salvaged a double bogey.

And where were the 16-inch guns of golf? The men who, as any fool knew, had the only chance on this long, long course? Well, Arnold Palmer finished early with a 76. After him came Jack Nicklaus—who had needed a fairway wood only once—with a 78, Bobby Nichols, the PGA champion, with a 77, and Johnny Pott, a slugger who has lately been on a hot streak, with an 80. Only Player's 70 and the 72s of Tony Lema, Julius Boros, Bruce Devlin and Dan Sikes salvaged the reputation of the tour's leading performers.

There were two reasons for this. First, even though its fairways had been widened by the USGA at the last minute, the real problem of Bellerive was now obviously not its length, but its trouble. Second, the field discovered the 6th hole, and never has a little golf hole made such an unexpected splash. This par-3 is a lovely thing to look at, with the long, narrow green sitting in a small grove of trees and a charming pond cutting deep into its right side. From the back of the tee to the upper reaches of the green is a distance of no more than 200 yards, a shot that a good tournament golfer can make from a sickbed without mussing the sheets. At sunup Thursday it was a longish par-3 of slight distinction, with a tiny cemetery on a ridge overlooking the tee and a first-aid station a few yards away. By sundown Thursday it had been played in 121 strokes over par, 39 balls had been hit into its pond, it had caused trouble without parallel in U.S. Open history, and if the first-aid station looked apt, the cemetery looked more so.

Friday was exit day. Exit Arnold Palmer. Goodby Ken Venturi. So long, Gary Player. That's right, Gary Player, for this was the day that Player made it really clear that he was making a major move toward retirement. Gary is not very large at 5 feet 7, but his ambitions are Brobdingnagian, and one of them is to become a farmer at an early age, with all of golf's available honors lined up on his mantelpiece.

Nine years ago, when he was only 20, Player set himself six major goals: winning the U.S. Open, the British Open, the Masters and the PGA Championship, playing the U.S. professional tour with the lowest stroke average for an entire year and being the leading U.S. money winner for a year. That done, he figured he could retire to a farm in his native South Africa, raise the eight children he hopes to have (his wife Vivienne bore her fifth a few weeks ago) and contemplate his laurels in a pastoral setting. The U.S. Open Championship was the only one of his goals Gary had not yet achieved as the 1965 Open began.

Not many people thought highly of Gary's chances in this tournament. He had competed only seven times this year. More important, he is not an extremely long hitter. For the past couple of years he has been trying to remedy this one shortcoming—if it can be so regarded—by hoisting weights and following a strict health diet. (The year he won the Masters he formally endorsed raisins. Just the other day he agreed, at the behest of United Fruit, to make bananas "part of his way of life.")

"I have never felt better," he was telling everyone on the eve of the Open. Driving back to his motel after his final practice round, he said to his friend, George Blumberg, "I wish I hadn't hit the ball quite so well today. I don't like to play that well the day before the tournament starts. It worries me."

Blumberg, a South African businessman who spends months each year just following Player around the golf courses of the world, tried to console Gary. "You mustn't think that way, Gary. You're playing just beautifully. Why, those shots you hit today at. . . ."

"I don't want to talk about it, George," Player interrupted. "I don't even want to think about it anymore." Blumberg changed the subject to the marvelous fishing in South Africa, fishing being a sport that Gary has recently and enthusiastically discovered.

Player started the tournament erratically, with three bogeys and a birdie on the first six holes. He was obviously striking the ball superbly, though it seemed as if he might be just a little too charged up to play his best golf. But he settled down on the back nine, scoring three birdies and a bogey to finish just two strokes off Nagle's lead.

It is on the second day, however, that the i's are dotted and the t's are crossed on a good first round at the Open. Arnold Palmer, trying to explain the difference between some of the startlingly low practice rounds at Bellerive—such as his own 67 on Wednesday—and the fact that only three golfers broke par the first day, said, "The tournament has started." On the other hand, some of the good first-round scores that an extra charge of adrenalin will occasion-

Beman, a little amateur who had the lead, blasts from a gulch



ally produce can escalate mysteriously when the grinding middle rounds are in progress.

Player's golf on the second day lacked its previous polish and precision. On the first hole he hit a bad approach shot that cost him a bogey. On 6 he had a long wait on the tee while several groups ahead were struggling in and out of the water. As Gary described it, "A lot of those fellows were hitting their balls in the water, and none of them floated. When it was our turn to play, I guess I was thinking too much about the pond, and I gave the shot a little too much of the old Harley-Davidson [golfese for turning the right hand at impact]. I hit it into the rough on the left side, and then chipped it six feet past. But I sank that one and began to feel I was on my way."

On the 9th hole Player sank an 18-foot downhill putt for a birdie, and then, playing the steadiest of golf through the late afternoon, parred in for his second consecutive 70.

Player's two 70s gave him a one-stroke lead over Nagle and Rudolph. Another stroke behind at 142 was Beman, who at one brief point actually led the tournament. He was playing even better golf than he had on Thursday, although his putter was perceptibly cooler—36 putts as against 29 the day before. Gone were Deane's thoughts about Bellerive's unseemly length. "The course is playing just fine," he said. "I hit some bad shots, of course, but I'm supposed to hit some bad shots because I don't play golf for a living."

Life had not changed for the game's big hitters, however. Palmer's second straight 76 left him two strokes above the cutoff point of 150 for the final 36 holes of play. He was disgusted on Thursday when he hit a ball from the 5th tee into the now-famous water hazard by the 6th green. On Friday he did the same thing, and was doubly disgusted. As he walked up the 18th fairway, certain he had missed the cut, his discouragement showed. "Rev up the engines, it's time to fly home," somebody called from the gallery, and shortly thereafter Arnie did.

It had been the first time Palmer had missed the cut at a golf tournament in a year and a half, and it hurt far more than he would like to admit. This has not been a good year for Palmer, who has only one victory—the Tournament of Champions in Las Vegas—and stands only 20th on the PGA's list of money winners. This brings into question his tournament strategy for 1965. He has cut down on his appearances in order to devote himself more to his business and family. Anyone with Palmer's great pride is likely to have some serious second thoughts about this after playing 36 holes at the Open without a single birdie. His Army stayed with him to the bitter end, but they knew it wasn't the old Arnie, and Arnie knew it even better than they did.

Nicklaus, on the other hand, was able to fight back from his opening-round 78 to a fairly decent 72. It was a long way from his capability, and he was aware of it, but the new Smilin' Jack of golf did his best to pass off his troubles in good humor. After taking a bogey 5 on the first hole Friday, he turned to someone in the gallery and said, "Not a very good way to start, is it?"

The trouble with Nicklaus is basic: his swing isn't working right. During his victory at the Masters, when he played the best tournament of his career, he felt his stance was getting too open. In trying to square up his stance, he has had trouble lining up the ball. That has caused him to make compensations in his swing that he calls "laying it off at the top," and a nasty hook has developed. When he tries to correct the hook he tends to push the ball.

Nicklaus also had problems with the short shots around the greens, and anyone who does not hit these well can never win the Open. In the first two days Nicklaus missed 13 greens, and 12 times he was not able to chip or blast close enough to one putt.

But even when he was eight strokes back and realized he might be farther than that at the end of the day, Nicklaus did not concede the championship to anyone else. "I've come from that far back before," he said. "But let's talk about shooting good rounds after we've shot them."

Then there was ailing Ken Venturi, the defending champion, whose right hand was so sore that he was now shaking hands with his left. He shot 81-79, and missed the cut, of course, but he finished his 36 holes, as he had long insisted he would, and he was proud of it—pleased enough in fact to crack, "Everybody wants me out of town," when his hotel mistakenly gave him his bill early.

Meanwhile, out on the 6th hole it was business as usual —40 balls were hit into the water Friday.

Saturday brought the third straight day of clear, excellent weather, and the golf was as unchanging as the climate. The field was now down to 50, which meant that the highest scorers were only 10 strokes from the leader, but a feeling had begun to settle in that any man with a two-stroke lead was so far in front he could never be caught. At this point the man was Player.

Frank Beard tried to get close. A frightfully earnest young man from Louisville, Beard wears a pair of those half-glasses like so many dedicated young men who earn a living running computers for American business. His business is golf, and he treats the golf course like an office. This day he shot an even-par 70. Player had a 71 that built his lead from one to two strokes because Kel Nagle, in second place, had a 72. Thus Beard's 70 brought him even with Nagle.

One would have thought Beard would have been delighted with this progress, but not at all. "I don't like to play any course where it's not fun," he surprisingly announced. "I'm hitting four-woods and two-irons and three-irons all the way around."

Gary Player was a good deal more joyful about the day than Beard but, of course, Gary was one step closer to realizing his sixth ambition. As he had on the two previous days, Gary began his round shakily. He three-putted the 3rd green for a bogey and on the 5th hole he was rattled when someone in the gallery yelled, "Get in the trap, get in the trap," after he had played a long fairway-wood shot toward the green. The ball obeyed the spectator's instructions and Gary had another bogey. A short while later Nagle, who was paired with Player, got a birdie to take a momentary lead, only to fall back when he three-putted the next green. Playing meticulously, neither golfer stirred up any excitement until they reached the 12th hole, where Nagle drove deep into the rough on the left. For the first time of any consequence in the tournament, the machinery of the USGA ground into motion.

continued

Nagle's ball was in a washed-out, rutted area. As he examined the unplayable ball with distaste, he was told by several people in the gallery that Ray Floyd had been allowed a free drop there on Friday from a similar lie. Gus Benedict, the USGA president, was refereeing the match and he was not sure, so he suggested that Nagle play two balls. The first one he dropped with the one-stroke penalty for an unplayable lie, and he hit it to the green with a six-iron and two-putted for a bogey 5. Nagle also dropped a second ball from the same position and played it as a free drop. This time he hit it to the green with a strong seven-iron and two-putted for a par 4.

Joe Dey, the executive director of the USGA and the recognized Supreme Court on the Rules of Golf, inspected the small gulch moments later and ruled that the ball with the penalty was the one that should count. So the bogey 5 went up on the scoreboards. As play continued, Dey sought and found the official who had made the ruling on Floyd's ball the day before. When Dey learned that Floyd had indeed been given relief from a similar situation, Dey reversed his decision and Nagle had his par. It was quite a stroke to save.

Talking about the incident later, Nagle admitted that "I couldn't think of anything else for a while. I wouldn't say it upset me, because I was playing so well—hitting most of the fairways and most of the greens. But it's the kind of thing that sticks in your mind."

A couple of holes later the gallery at last got something to roar about. Player hit his drive on the 14th too far to the left. The hole is a dogleg par-4, and there was a tree between Gary's ball and the flagstick. He hit a seven-iron that started some 30 or 40 yards wide to the right and then hooked onto the green. It bounced eagerly toward the hole and stopped three feet short. From there Gary sank the putt for his only birdie of the day. He described the seven-iron as "the best shot I have hit in the tournament so far."

When day was done the contenders were lined up pretty much as they had been before they started to play, with the exception of Beman, whose 76—caused in part by a shot into the water at 6—dropped him back too far to leave him much hope. All of the scoring bore out what might be called the Casper Dictum. Before the round began, someone urged Bill Casper to go out and shoot a 67 and jump up a few places. "A 67?" Bill said with understandable surprise. "You could jump over a lot of bodies with a 70." The character of Bellerive had asserted itself quite clearly. Only a superlative round of golf could break its par, for none of its holes lent themselves to birdies. Only three of 150 players had been under par on Thursday, only two broke par on Friday, one on Saturday and two Sunday. Catching the man ahead of you was like trying to overtake someone on a merry-go-round.

Gary Player had it pretty well figured out when he said, "I'd just like to start out tomorrow with a couple of birdies on the early holes and then see those other fellows try to catch me."

Taking his two-stroke lead into Sunday, Player was not sanguine about those two early birdies he wanted so badly. On Saturday night he sat around his motel and tried to talk about anything but golf. Finally he went down to the dining room, where he worked his way through a dinner of shrimp and milk and ice cream. Sunday morning he put in a call to his wife in Johannesburg, and was told that his four oldest children had been running around with their thumbs tucked into their fists for good luck. This domestic intelligence did not seem to relax him.

For a change, Player started his round steadily. At the end of nine holes he was a comfortable three strokes ahead of Nagle. People were beginning to yawn a bit and say what a pity that Jack and Arnold and Tony were not still in the picture to liven things up. It was the day's last yawn. With Gary and his playing partner, Frank Beard, standing in the middle of the 10th fairway and watching, Nagle sank a 15-foot putt for a birdie on the 10th green. Player got a bogey, cutting his lead to one stroke.

At the 12th hole Player again stood in the fairway and watched Nagle sink a birdie putt on the green up ahead, this one a 30-footer. "It was a monster of a putt," Gary said later. "I really felt that one in my guts." Now they were even. Player reacted differently this time, however. He hit a lovely iron to the green that stopped 15 feet from the hole, and he curled that one in for a birdie of his own to again take the lead.

Both players now began swinging less smoothly, and their putting strokes were leaving them as well. At the 15th Nagle put his second shot—a long fairway wood—into a bunker alongside the green, and it took him four more strokes to get the ball in the hole for a double-bogey six.

"She's gone, I've blown it," Nagle thought to himself.

Player failed to see the debacle, for he had fallen back a bit while saving par with some dicey shots of his own. As he came striding down the 15th fairway the gallery shouted that he had a three-stroke lead. "Some fellow told me I had it sewed up now," Gary reported afterward, "but I told him you couldn't depend on such things."

As if to prove his point, Player buried his tee shot on the next hole into a bunker alongside the green. The best he could do was wedge it out 15 feet past the hole. From there, amazingly, he three-putted.

The next thing Player heard was an enormous cheer from the 17th green that greeted a Nagle birdie there—one that evened the match.

Nagle did not yet know he was all even as he hit his drive on the 18th. It was a poor drive to the left and bounced well into the rough. "Damn," he said to Mason Rudolph, who was playing with him. "Look at that."

A moment later someone told Nagle about Player's misfortune at the 16th, and Nagle said aloud, but as if talking to himself, "Well, I guess that's golf. You never know what's going to happen."

When Player arrived at the 18th tee, he knew that he needed a birdie 3 to win and a 4 to tie. He was very careful with a 28-foot birdie putt and left it inches short. "I didn't want to charge the putt," he explained. "I felt you were better off to go into a playoff than not be in a playoff at all." Monday's events proved he was right, but down in South Africa the children of U.S. Open Champion Gary Player had been forced to walk around a whole extra day with their thumbs in their fists. **END**

Two days in a row he hit a ball into the water on the 5th hole. On the third day his Army was leaderless; the Open was all over for Arnie.



IT WAS MURDER ITALIAN STYLE

An imposing American Ford team was massacred at Le Mans as an underpowered Ferrari from Italy, driven by a myopic American and an unknown Austrian, won the classic French sports car endurance race **by JOHN LOVESEY**



Friendly foes Carroll Shelby of Ford and Ferrari's Masten Gregory chat before race

Two of the world's more fascinating capitalists are Enzo Ferrari and Henry Ford II. Enzo builds deluxe touring cars and swift racing machines in a tiny Italian factory. Henry, boss of an industrial empire with assets of $6 billion, builds racing cars, too. Last week the motoring world was on tiptoe for what was billed as a titanic struggle between these men for victory in the classic French sports car race, The 24 Hours of Le Mans. Henry, spending like a Ford, flung six sexy new GTs into the battle. Enzo, reaching for his sixth consecutive Le Mans triumph, countered with four factory prototypes and had in private hands seven other brisk models bearing his famous prancing horse emblem.

As Ford knew, every previous thrust for a Le Mans victory by an American car had failed. There were attempts by Stutz, Chrysler, Overland, Willys-Knight and DuPont between the wars. The highest any of these cars placed was second—a Stutz in 1928. Then in the 1950s the American sportsman Briggs Cunningham attacked with Chrysler- and Cadillac-engined racers designed especially for him. Cunninghams placed third twice and won much goodwill for America but never came close to snaring the first prize.

"This is now a 100% battle," said Ferrari Driver Mike Parkes, a Briton who also works as a Ferrari engineer. "A Ferrari win is important not only for the prestige of Ferrari but also for Italy and the Italian car manufacturers."

The battleground—a rectangular 8.36-mile ribbon of asphalt stretching over rolling country just outside of town—annually imposes a fearful strain on cars and drivers. Engines overheat and tear themselves apart, gearboxes shatter, axles crumble. Drivers fight fatigue and, more often than not, rain or fog rolling in during the long hours of darkness.

The weather was fine for a change last weekend, but so frantic was the battle that not one factory Ferrari or Ford made it through the 24 hours. It was a glorious outing for Enzo Ferrari nevertheless. Three of his privately owned racers rolled across the finish line at 4 p.m. Sunday in tight formation, sweeping the top places, and in the Ford pit Team Manager Carroll Shelby moaned, "It's a bad day at Black Rock."

Out of the winning car stepped a jaunty little American, Masten Gregory, blinking like Mr. Magoo behind heavy specs and grinning hugely, for this was his first real blockbuster of a victory in 13 years of racing. He gulped champagne on the victory stand with Co-driver Jochen Rindt of Austria, one of those unknowns who sometimes surface in Le Mans-style endurance races.

Gregory, a man with the weakest eyes and fanciest tastes in racing, knows tough racecourses and fine restaurants on five continents. As a young driver with more foot than finesse, he cheerfully went through his $500,000 share of a family insurance fortune. He bounced from one racing team to another and won fame of a sort for twice hailing out of crashbound racers at better than 100 mph. Although he never lost the nasal twang of his native Kansas speech, he long ago deserted the Midwest for the more cosmopolitan life of London and Paris, and he is as familiar with the wine list at a small but sumptuous two-star restaurant near Le Mans as with the Arnage and White House corners of the racecourse.

During the preface scuffling between Ford and Ferrari, however, Gregory was all but ignored. The star of the Ferrari camp was Britain's world champion Grand Prix driver, John Surtees. He was not notably alarmed by the fact that two Ford GTs boasted the largest, most powerful engines in the race—seven liters of piston displacement against

four liters for the biggest Ferrari. Reviewing the Ferrari sweep of 1964, he said, "Basically, the car that won wasn't going the fastest, but it kept going while the others had silly troubles." Surtees calmly ate dinner while a howling storm blew out a practice session scheduled for Wednesday evening and rattled the windows a few feet from his table. "I'll have to get out my slide rule," he said, "and check on the flexibility of glass."

In the Ford encampment Shelby huddled frequently with his ace, Phil Hill, the world champion for 1961 and three times winner of Le Mans for Ferrari. First practice runs revealed a tendency of the GTs to fishtail. "If we could get them a little more stable," said Hill, "we could go like a bat out of hell." Shelby had some fins bolted to the Fords' noses, and Hill thereupon shattered the lap record with a run of three minutes 33 seconds, hitting better than 200 mph on the long Mulsanne straight. "Whatever's been done," he exclaimed, "it's great. It's a beauty. I could drive the car that fast for 24 hours."

At 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon, with the usual enormous Le Mans crowd of 300,000 at trackside, French Sports Minister Maurice Herzog dipped the starting flag and 51 drivers sprinted to 51 silent cars, started engines and sizzled away in the indescribable traffic jam characteristic of Le Mans races.

One of the big Fords, driven by New Zealander Chris Amon, was first up the track. With one lap completed, he was trailing his countryman Bruce McLaren, who had the lead in the other seven-liter Ford. For the first hour these two American machines set a scorching pace. Then the Fords began to fizzle. GT Driver Maurice Trintignant was out after an hour. Phil Hill took over from Co-driver Amon and was soon forced into the pits by gear-selector trouble, which took 41 minutes to fix. At the end of the second hour five Ferraris were running ominously behind the McLaren-Ken Miles GT, and then pop! went two other GTs, victims of overheating. No sooner had these retired than the leading Ford perished on the Mulsanne straight from gearbox failure. Next to expire was the GT of Britain's Sir John Whitmore and Innes Ireland, also from overheating.

These calamities left the now hopelessly outdistanced Hill-Amon Ford as the last Dearborn contender, and shortly before 11 it was gone, too, clutchless and abandoned by Amon at the end of the Mulsanne straight. It had completed 90 laps, and in it Hill had set a new racing-lap record of three minutes 37.5 seconds (139.251 mph).

After the first three hours there were never fewer than three Ferraris in front, and at one point Ferraris had the first six positions. It is an axiom of Le Mans racing that when some Ferraris fail there is always a healthy one around to finish first, and this was the case last weekend. Late Saturday night the attrition of factory Ferraris began when Surtees pulled in with a broken spring. In the early hours of Sunday morning all the team cars required time-squandering repairs on new—and evidently unproved—radially cooled brake discs, which were cracking.

Carroll Shelby still had hopes for a smashing victory in the big-engined Grand Touring class for his Ford-powered Cobras, but now they, too, began to go the way of the faster GTs. Within six hours four of the five Cobra starters were out because of engine trouble. The fifth Cobra ultimately finished in eighth place. Driven by Britain's Jack Sears and the American racing dentist, Dick Thompson, it was the sole survivor of Ford's massive assault.

With the team Ferraris in trouble, a private entry driven by France's Pierre Dumay and Taf Gosselin had led since the eighth hour. It stayed in front until three hours before the finish, when the right rear tire blew. And then the Gregory-Rindt car, entered by Luigi Chinetti (the American distributor for Ferrari and an old Le Mans hand, having won the race himself three times), stormed ahead to stay. This was a smaller-engined car of only 3.3 liters. It was Gregory's ninth Le Mans, the very first for Rindt.

Those in the crowd familiar with Gregory's reputation for asking just a little more of a racing car than that car is able to give, and remembering that he had catapulted from 32nd place in the Indy 500 all the way to 14th only to fracture an oil line, kept fingers crossed for him Sunday. They needn't have bothered. He lightfooted it in coolly and securely, having covered 2,906.2 miles at an average speed of 121.1 mph.

Swallowing hard, a Ford executive said, "Success in motor racing requires great perseverance and painstaking effort. We are prepared to go forward on that basis." END



Victory-bound Ferrari coupe of Gregory and Rindt corners smoothly at dusk on first day.









CHAMPIONSHIPS MINUS THE CHAMP

Competition was tense on Onondaga Lake as underdog Navy won the IRA but there was no competition at all on the Thames River. Harvard was there

There is nothing like an old grad to inspire a college crewman to his best effort—particularly when the old grad is an admiral in the U.S. Navy and the crewman is a midshipman at Annapolis. Up to a month ago, the best the 1965 Navy varsity crew could produce in a so-so season was one second place, well behind the supermen from Harvard (*see cover*) in the Adams Cup. Then Rear Admiral Draper L. Kauffman, an oldtime (1933) Navy oarsman himself, took over as the new superintendent of the Academy.

Whether it was the advent of an old crew huff as top man or merely the fact that spring exams were over may never be determined. The simple fact is that, once the Admiral appeared, Navy began to look alive. That very day, the Middies went out on the Severn River and beat the crew sox off the University of Wisconsin. By last week, as the best college boats in the land (minus two) assembled on New York's Onondaga Lake to contest the Intercollegiate Rowing Association's annual championships, Admiral Kauffman's influence had spread through the fleet like a call to duty from John Paul Jones himself. Sweeping the lake clean, Navy's freshman and junior varsity rowers each won their events by a length and a half while Navy's varsity held off a driving finish by heavily favored Cornell to regain a championship it had not won in more than a decade. "I can't say that I'm unhappy," said Navy Coach Paul Quinn.

There was a moment toward the end of the tense varsity race when it seemed to observers on the shore that Cornell was bound to catch up to the Middies. Then, 12 strokes from the finish, Cornell's No. 6 oar caught a crab. In any case, said Cornell Coach Stork Sanford, "I think we used the wrong strategy altogether. We never thought Navy would improve as much as they did."

The suspense that marked the last 30 seconds of the 15-boat varsity event at the IRA gave the rowing on Onondaga Lake a spice of excitement that was completely lacking on Connecticut's Thames River, where the other big rowing event of the week was taking place. Harvard and Yale men have always insisted on ignoring the rest of the rowing fraternity by holding a private championship of their own and referring to it as simply The Boat Race. In its 100th edition last week, however, The Boat Race was a boat race in name only. Starting off in a literal but nonetheless symbolic clap of thunder and flash of lightning, Harvard's varsity pulled away from an outclassed Eli crew at the start and simply kept rowing at an easy pace until the end of four miles when they crossed the finish line more than 10 lengths in the lead.

Since Harvard has been the main topic of the current rowing season, its absence was felt at the IRA.

"It does seem a shame," Coach Jim Lemmon of the deposed champion California Golden Bears said, "that such a fine crew as Harvard wouldn't come and join a blue-ribbon classic like this. I know they have their traditional meeting with Yale, but it seems to me that when 15 schools feel it right to meet for laurels in one afternoon the other two should join the competition."

Coach Lemmon may have a point, but in 1965, anyway, when the Harvard crew shows up, competition is likely to vanish. For more on this, turn the page

Navy's heavyweights are shown (above) pulling away from MIT to take an early lead on Onondaga. Triumphant (below), the Middies carry their dripping shell back to the boathouse

STUART SMITH

NEVER BEFORE—AT HARVARD OR IN HISTORY

by HUGH WHALL

Fine crews are no rarity at Harvard, where the rowing tradition goes back officially to 1852, and who knows how far beyond that in legend. Any sunny afternoon on the banks of the Charles River in Cambridge, Mass., you're likely to find some Crimson crew buff willing to sit for hours on the worn yet sturdy green benches of Newell Boat House and rhapsodize about the great Harvard crews of the past: the famed 1931-1933 boat stroked by Gerry (Killer) Cassedy, the varsity eights launched by Coach Tom Bolles in 1939, 1947 and 1950, which between them beat most of the best crews in the country and England as well; the 1959 crew coached by Harvey Love and stroked by Perry Boyden, which went to Henley and brought the Grand Challenge Cup back to Cambridge for the fourth time in 45 years. But even the most enthusiastic bench-sitter has difficulty finding enough superlatives to describe the Harvard crew that beat Yale last week—almost effortlessly—by one of the largest margins in the 100-year history of this ancient rowing rivalry.

Rank outsiders like bluff Dutch Schoch, who coaches rival Princeton, and the University of Pennsylvania's Joe Burk, dean of current crew coaches, have called this year's Harvard eight the finest crew of all time. Says Schoch, "There are other crews in the country just as strong, just as smooth, but Harvard's better." Says Burk, "This is the greatest American crew there has ever been, college or club."

How come this extraordinary superiority? Some experts argue that it stems from the new technique introduced at Harvard by young Coach Harry Parker.

A smiling Harvard coach (left) and his oarsmen take a lighthearted ride back to the boathouse after beating Yale by more than 10 lengths.



This style of rowing is patterned on a system used by Germany's great Ratzeburg crew and later adopted by last year's American Olympic champions, Vesper Boat Club of Philadelphia. Instead of an oarsman pulling his sweep through the water at a constant rate, then sliding forward more slowly and pausing before the catch as in the old style, Harvard's rowers combine their stroke, their recovery and their catch in a single, short, virtually uninterrupted motion. As practiced in Europe, this system involves a high rate of stroking. But the rate is only incidental to the style. Harvard, rowing at a fairly low but firm rate of 33 strokes a minute, can still beat boats stroking in spurts of 38 to 40.

Until Harvard adopted this style, not another major American college crew used the European system. "The Monday following the Compton Cup regatta in May," says Princeton's Schoch, whose eight was thrashed in that race by Harvard, "I started using the system even though it was the middle of the season. You don't have to get hit in the face twice with a wet mop, do you?"

Other experts agree that the new technique is indeed important to Harvard's success, but give even more credit to the Crimson's imported shell. Harvard has a total of 26 eight-oared shells to choose from, but the one they have used almost exclusively this year is a sleek Staempfli made in Switzerland. Three and a half feet shorter than the standard American Pocock, the Staempfli is two inches narrower and an inch deeper. Parker has already ordered a second Staempfli, but since the first has been shipped to Henley to await Harvard's appearance there, the Yale race was rowed and won in a Pocock.

Along with the European technique and the imported shell, Harvard's phenomenal success has been attributed to the English oars it uses and the Germanic way it sets them up on the boat. Lighter and stiffer than American oars and with broad, shovel-shaped blades, Harvard's Ayling oars are set on the boat so that Nos. 4 and 5 are both on the starboard side. The idea behind this is a reduction of the turning effect of the conventional oar arrangement so that the coxswain does not have to use his rudder to keep the boat on a straight course.

Oars, boat, techniques, seating arrangements—there is little doubt that all these things have helped Harvard, but they have not in themselves made a great crew. The crew itself did that. As Parker's colleague, Track Coach Bill McCurdy puts it, "Those boys could win most of their races pulling an old barge with broomsticks." Parker himself is inclined to agree. "They're an outstanding group of oarsmen," he says. "They'd be good whatever they had to work with."

The 1965 Harvard varsity weighs an average 188 pounds, stands 6 feet 4. Leading them is 22-year-old Stroke Geoff Picard, a California body surfer who looks the part. Geoff never rowed in his life before going to Harvard, but he learned fast. "He gets better every year," says the coach. "He's got an excellent sense of rhythm and enough strength to sustain it." "Picard," wrote one crew writer, "drives along without any deviation or slackening to sit on a lead. Against MIT and Navy, Harvard rowed for more than a mile and a half against a head wind in choppy water at exactly 33 strokes a minute—not 32 or 33½." Harvard's current stroke's place in history alongside Cassedy and Boyden seems assured, and the seven oarsmen who row with him are just as strong. When the Harvard boat moves, Bob Whitney at No. 7, Paul Gunderson at No. 6, Brian Clemow, No. 5, Jim Tew, No. 4, Tom Pollack, No. 3, Bob Schwarz, No. 2 and Bowman Geoff Gratwick all match Picard's strength and rhythm while Coxswain John Unkovic calls the cadence until the whole Harvard boat is a metronome of driving power. It's hard when watching to believe the men are mortal and not metal.



Any day Boston's Charles River was free of ice, Parker had his rowers out practicing.

This cybernetic precision is the magic ingredient introduced into Harvard rowing by Parker, a comparative youngster of 29 who came to Cambridge without fanfare only four and a half years ago. Ted Washburn, last year's varsity coxswain who is now the freshman coach, is an undeviating believer in Parker, but when asked how Parker accomplishes his wonders, Washburn replies: "I'm still trying to figure it out." So is almost everyone else.

Harry Parker knew nothing whatever about rowing when he went to the University of Pennsylvania from East Hartford, Conn. in 1953. But once there he was spotted by Joe Burk, who is always looking for likely oars. Parker weighed a skinny 174 pounds, but Burk gave him a job rowing number two man in the Penn heavyweight crew. "I found rowing was right up my alley," says Parker. "All I had to do was work hard." When not rowing, Parker worked hard enough at his books to get a degree in philosophy with marks that prompted Penn to submit his name, unsuccessfully, for a Rhodes scholarship. Later, he spent 18

cont'd

months in the Navy thundering around in a destroyer as an ensign. Then he discovered that officers could apply for permission to train for the Pan American or Olympic games. His application accepted, Parker transferred to Philadelphia for training as a sculler under his old mentor, Joe Burk.

In 1959 Sculler Parker won the American single sculls championship and a gold medal at the Pan American Games, and was picked as the U.S. sculling representative at the 1960 Olympics. He didn't win in Rome, but he finished a creditable fifth. "It seemed inevitable," he says, "that if a crew coaching opportunity came up I would go for it." After Parker's release from the Navy, the opportunity came. Tom Bolles, then athletic director, and Crew Coach Harvey Love, both of whom had watched Parker operate at Henley, offered him the job of coaching the freshman crews at Harvard.

Parker arrived in Cambridge green as grass and quiet as growing wheat. His first year didn't augur well for the future. The freshmen won once and lost three times. The next year, however, they won three and lost only one. Things were looking up. Then Harvey Love died and Parker inherited his job as head coach. "A lot of people were ready for a catastrophe when Harry took over," says Student Manager Chris Kirkland, "but it never came." Instead, Varsity Coach Parker produced a 3-1 record his first time out and in 1964 did still better. Harvard won every race except the one they most wanted—the Olympic trials that sent Vesper off to Tokyo.

College and club rowing being things apart in the U.S., Harvard and Vesper have not raced each other this year. If all goes as expected, however, they will meet at England's Henley—and this time the results should be quite different.



Harvard's painstaking coach polishes one oarsman's technique in the practice tanks. Other exercises include running up and down steps and doing calisthenics in a "torture room."

Parker's 1965 varsity has not only beaten everyone in sight but lowered records right and left. The record for the Compton Cup on Princeton's Lake Carnegie had never dropped by any amount greater than 10 seconds until last May. Then Engineer Parker silently oiled up his machine and the record went down to 8:15—a full 20 seconds below the old mark. A brisk tail wind helped that day but, as Dutch Schoch said afterward, "This is like a shotputter heaving the shot 80 feet, huh?" Not that Parker thought the Compton record particularly noteworthy. The one he splits a grin on is the record Harvard set on its home waters in the first race of the season. Rowing under the usual murky Charles River conditions, Harvard still managed to lower the old time by 10 seconds. "On the Carnegie the wind helped a little," says Parker, "but on the Charles the boys got there because they pulled their way." The closest anyone has come to catching Harvard this year was at the Eastern Sprints when Cornell finished 2½ lengths back. Before that, no one got closer than five.

Added to all the other reasons for the excellence of this year's varsity is the fact that seven of the rowers were in last year's varsity boat. And, finally, there is the rigorous tuning routine that Parker has subjected his oarsmen to. Parker employs an interval system of rowing practice. Instead of rowing hard for a set period, then resting, then starting again as crews used to do, Parker's men row practice runs at various speeds for set intervals—with no stops in between. Whenever the Charles is free of ice the crew follows this routine. When the river is icebound, the rowers repair to the big boathouse on Storrow Drive that looks as grim and grand as an 1890 railroad depot. On one end is a huge hall simply called "the tanks." In the middle of the hall, apparently afloat, is a concrete shell complete with sliding seats, oars and rigging and surrounded by flowing water. All around are mirrors in which the oarsmen can watch their style as they work out. When they are not working out in the tanks, Parker has them trotting up and down the many steps of Harvard Stadium, doing calisthenics or working out in the "torture room."

This chamber of horrors was once a comfortable lounge high in the boathouse where Crimson oarsmen could relax from a hard day's row, study, watch the traffic on the Charles or contemplate the many trophies and plaques won by their predecessors. Then Harry Parker redecorated the place. He carpeted the floor with a padded mat held down by monstrous barbells, and he spoiled the river view with a row of racks that would make the Marquis de Sade grin. One is designed to develop leg muscles, another arms, a third backs. Most are complicated arrangements of pulleys, wires, weights and angle irons, but one is not. It consists of a weight suspended by a piece of string from a short length of steel bar. By holding the bar at arm's length and rolling the string up and down as if rolling a newspaper over and over again, Parker's oarsmen develop wrists as thick and tough as a sailor's winch.

Seven of this year's supercrew are graduating and will not have to subject themselves to these tortures another year. But behind these veterans are a bunch of freshmen, sophomores and

continued



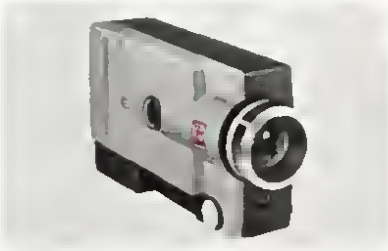
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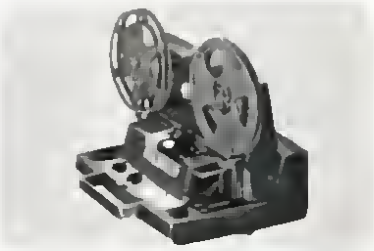
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juniors that seems certain to bother rival coaches for years to come. There were more than a hundred upperclassmen vying for seats in the varsity shell this year and, while the new freshman class may not be as deep as this year's senior class, it does, according to Parker, "have good potential." For a man of Parker's taciturnity, such a statement is almost braggadocio. But his *years of success at Harvard have given* Parker a new confidence that was lacking when he first came. There is a sureness in his coaching that was not there before.

He still gets his messages across with the minimum use of words, however. Leaning one elbow on his knee, chin cupped in hand, he rides the bow of his coaching launch up and down the Charles, endlessly watching every twitch of every blade, every action of every oarsman. Occasionally he raises a battered crimson megaphone and murmurs something. A listener six inches away hears none of it, but the rowers hear and they watch the coach's left hand carefully as it draws patterns in the air like a maneuvering airplane. These describe the way the oars should go. Up and down the Charles, under bridges, past anchored boats, the shell glides. Only the click, click of the oarlocks, the splash of oars and the cox coughing into his megaphone breaks the silence. Sometimes Parker murmurs in perfect time with the stroke, "Move. Moove. Mooove. Moooove." And they move. There is a wordless rapport between this man and the men who row for him. They seem to sense, without being told, what they must do most of the time. At other times, when talk is needed, they listen. "This crew," says Manager Chris Kirkland, "has enough confidence in Harry to work on his terms. They know how closely he studies the situation, so they know he knows what he's talking about. He has a will for precision. You don't have to get it out fast, but you have to get it out accurately."

Before a Harvard race the silence is overwhelming. There are no last-minute instructions on how to row, no chalk talk to confuse the men. "We don't have to say very much," admits Parker. "Everything's all understood. Generally, all I have to do is push a button."

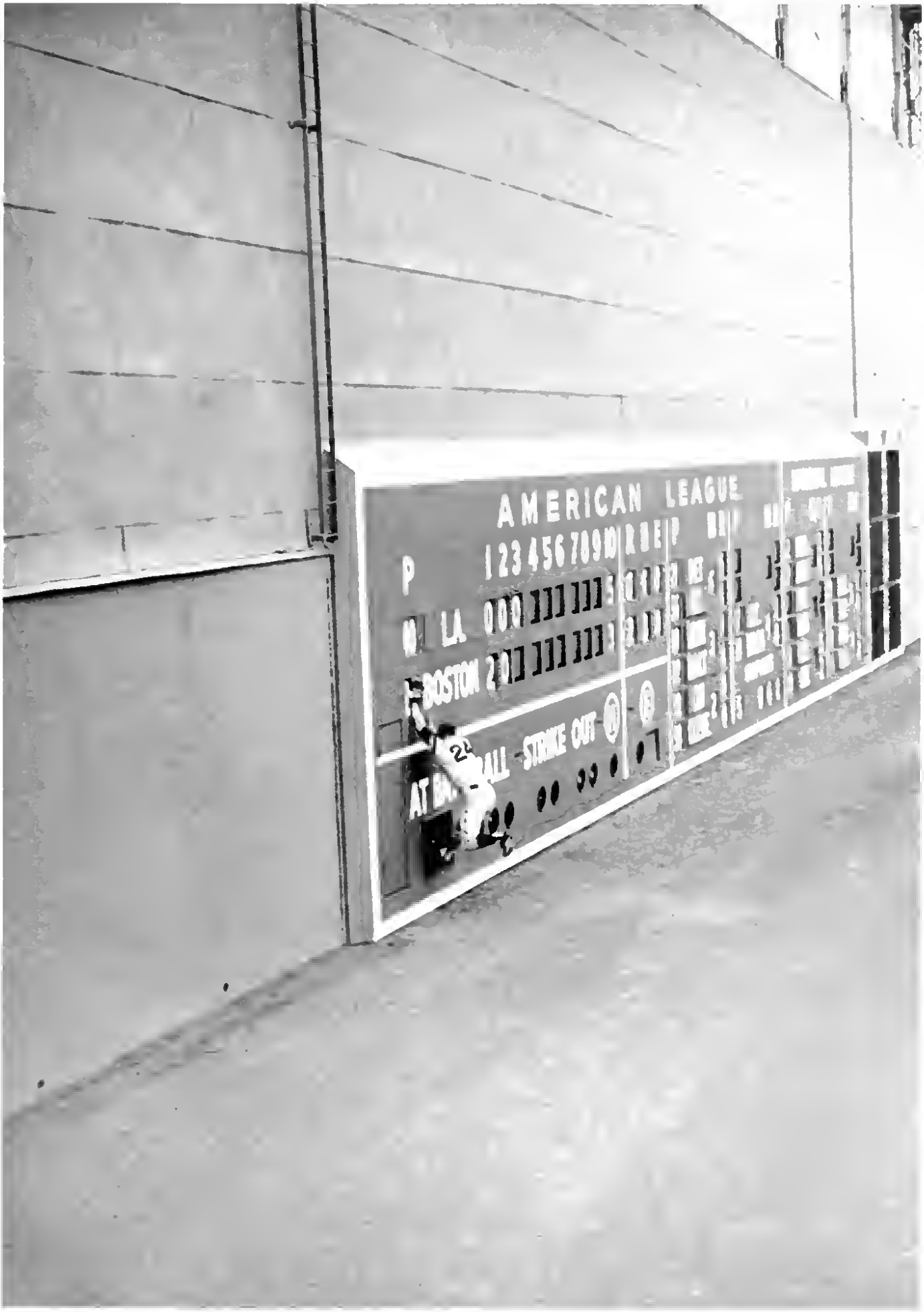
The thing that every other college crew coach in the country would like to know is: Where can he get a button like Harry Parker's? **END**

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THE GREAT WALL OF BOSTON

Fenway Park's left-field fence, seemingly only a few feet beyond third base, fascinates hitters and scares pitchers, and its presence hypnotizes the Boston Red Sox into perennial mediocrity ***by JACK MANN***

The window high over the door in the back of the Pennant Grille, at the corner of Lansdowne Street and Brookline Avenue in Boston, is painted opaque. The reason for the obscurity is obscure, but it may have saved any number of Boston Red Sox fans from acute depression. Through a clear window a drinking man in the Pennant Grille can see the Fenway Park wall, the principal reason why no pennant has fluttered over the Grille for 19 years, and only one in the 46 seasons since World War I. That 37-foot-high left-field fence topped by its 23-foot-high basket of baseball-catching chicken wire, could make a fan on the outside feel like a pitcher on the inside—a prisoner of Fenway Park.

The Fenway wall is the most famous of the structural idiosyncrasies so common in the major league ball parks that were built half a century ago, and now that the Polo Grounds and Ebbets Field are gone it is one of the few remaining in this era of new, large and symmetrical stadiums. It starts near the left-field foul line, only 315 feet from home plate, and juts at a right angle 275 feet across the outfield until it meets the center-field bleachers. It is the most inviting target for a right-handed hitter in the major leagues; fly balls become base hits and would-be home runs that don't quite make it to the chicken wire ricochet off the wall below for doubles.

Hitters love it and pitchers hate it, and it drives managers crazy; both hitters and pitchers tend to alter their natural style of play to take account of the wall, and this too often adversely affects their play when they are away from Fenway and in a normal, unidiosyncratic ball park. Because abrupt adjustment from the incongruities of Fenway to the symmetry of other parks is almost impossible, Red Sox teams over the years have accepted consistent inconsistency (since World War II a .607 winning percentage at home compared to .446 on the road) as their manifest destiny. And Bostonians have bleakly but faithfully embraced the team as a poor thing but their own. Nobody gets hurt except 62-year-old Owner Thomas A. Yawkey, the only multimillionaire prisoner of the wall and slave to his own benevolence. Tom Yawkey may not be the last of the old-style patrons of baseball—those who bought teams simply because they liked the game—but he is the last of the long-sufferers. After more than half a lifetime of loving the game and his players not at all wisely and much too well, he sits in his gilded cage atop the Fenway roof and hopes. He listens for promises ("threats," he calls them) of the extravagant new Boston stadium that might soon be authorized by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, liberating him to assemble the kind of team and play the kind of baseball he has wanted since he became the Red Sox' Daddy Warbucks in 1933.

"Hit and run," Yawkey says. "Steal a base. That's the way I like to play the game. Sure, the Yanks have been a power team, and when they hit a home run everybody says hooray. But they beat you with defense. They hold you close, then beat you with the home run. I say the hell with the fence and play as if you were in Comiskey Park."

But, Yawkey's advisers told him, he couldn't have that kind of team because the fence was there. Got to have right-hand hitters, pull hitters, hit the wall.

They hit the wall in 1946—Rudy York, Bobby Doerr, Mike Higgins, Dom DiMaggio—and proved the point. The Red Sox were 61-16 in Fenway, an overwhelming .792 percentage, and they won the pennant. They lost the World Series by dropping three of four games to the Cardinals in St. Louis, of course, but the formula had been established.

In 1948 they played .714 ball at home (the pace of the fabled 1927 Yankees) but lost the pennant to Cleveland in a

continued



RED SOX BRASS, Vice-President Mike Higgins (*left*) and Owner Tom Yawkey, sit in skyline box contemplating the wall. Outfielders tend to run into it, but gently, because it's so close.

Fred Kaplan



OLD AND LOPSIDED, Fenway is cramped by narrow streets with few parking areas. If Boston would condemn street beyond left field, Yawkey could buy his property there and expand stadium.

one-game playoff. By 1949 the Red Sox had obtained Vern Stephens, the American League's premier right-handed pull hitter of the time. He tapped the wall for 159 RBIs, the Sox hit .282 as a team and won 61 games at home again. But this time they were seven games under .500 on the road and the Yankees beat them out on the last day of the season.

The thunder increased in 1950, and so did the frustration. Now the Red Sox had Walt Dropo, still another very strong right-handed pull hitter, at first base. He and Stephens batted in 144 runs each and the Red Sox' team average was .302. Boston finished third. Fourteen years and seven managers have gone by, and only three times since have they finished as high.

"We've done very well at home," Yawkey says. "If we'd been able to play .500 ball on the road we'd have been a lot higher. But damn it, that wall hurts, it has an effect on the organization from top to bottom. We have to go after players who have that Fenway stroke, but then they get in the habit of pulling the ball and they try it on the road—in Yankee Stadium or Comiskey—and it's no good. Hitters' habits are hard to break."

Other little flaws in the "Fenway stroke" theory became screechingly obvious. First of all, very few of the big, strong right-handed pull hitters are either deft fielders or swift runners. Secondly, even fewer feel that they have to be. Ted Williams' total of 521 home runs, hitting left-handed toward Fenway's elongated right field for half his career, has always seemed one of baseball's most remarkable records, but there is another that stands out. For a left-handed pitcher to win at all in Fenway is notable, but in 1949 Mel Parnell, now a rookie broadcaster for the Red Sox, won 25 games and had a 2.78 earned-run average.

"I don't see how a left-hander could do that," Bill Monbouquette, Boston's most successful right-handed pitcher of recent years, said a few weeks ago. "You have to keep every pitch down, and against the right-handers you can only use the outside part of the plate. Man, those balls are really jumping out of here tonight."

It was 90 minutes to game time, and Monbouquette was worrying about the wall already, watching teammates—even the pitchers—pop flies into the screen in batting practice. Before the fourth inning of the game was over the Minnesota Twins' Bob Allison had poled a ball over the screen. nonhitter Jerry Kindall had popped one into it and Monbo was gone, beaten.

The wall almost dismayed Dave Morehead, the bright rookie right-hander, into defeat two days later. He carried a three-hit shutout into the ninth and had enough left to strike out the Twins' Harmon Killebrew but then he walked Jimmie Hall and began to think. The batter was Allison.

"Think about the wall?" Morehead said. "You don't think about anything else. I still had my stuff and I wasn't tired, but I got careful with Allison and walked him." That made him more careful with Frank Kostro, who also walked to fill the bases. Morehead was saved by Dick Radatz, who knows only one way to pitch: fast balls for strikes.

When Sal Maglie was the Red Sox' pitching coach he tried to get across one message. A different ball park, he said, doesn't make you a different pitcher. You have to pitch your way and make the batter hit your pitch, if you do anything else you are doing the batter a favor by giving him less than your best. But Sal's words fell on deaf ears. It is incalculable how many sore arms have resulted from pitchers' unnatural attempts to avoid the Fenway stroke.

Or how many hitters the wall has led astray. Billy Herman, who became the manager this year, would like to play the kind of baseball Yawkey would like to play.

"I like to hit and run and I like to steal a base," Herman said. Then why doesn't he? "Well," he said, "we do a little on the road. But I can't steal that much, because we don't have that kind of speed, and we can't hit and run because we don't have the hitters who can meet the ball. Bressoud thinks he can, but he misses the ball too much."

It behooves hatters like Ed Bressoud and Felix Mantilla, who brought career averages of .239 and .245 with them from the National League, to study small-arms devices like hitting a ground ball behind the runner. Maybe they did once, but they've forgotten by now because both discovered new horizons in Boston as practitioners of the Fenway stroke. They hit home runs, or what pass for home runs in Fenway. They do not make the double play, because Bressoud is just an adequate shortstop and Mantilla an inadequate second baseman. But Herman cannot resist the temptation to write their names into the lineup in

place of fielders who can't hit like Rico Petrocelli and Chuck Schilling, particularly when the Red Sox are at home.

"You've got to play that wall here," Herman explains, "because you know the other teams will."

With his glove the 21-year-old Petrocelli is reminiscent of another kid shortstop the Red Sox might have taken a look at in the fall of 1939. He was on their Louisville farm, the Red Sox weren't going to catch the Yankees anyway and their shortstop, Joe Cronin, was getting old. But Cronin was the manager and Yawkey had sent $250,000 and a player to Washington for him. So they took $40,000 and four faceless players for the kid. His name was Harold Reese.

Pee Wee Reese, who played on seven championship teams for the Brooklyn Dodgers, was the "different kind of player" Yawkey talked about for 10 years before he did something about it in 1960. He named Dick O'Connell, a businessman, as executive vice-president, and O'Connell's first official act was to make Neil Mahoney, a career scout, director of the farm system. Mahoney, who was sidelined by a heart attack this year, shook up the scouting network, which needed it. When Yawkey liked a player—and Yawkey falls in love with players—he wanted to keep him on the payroll, so the scouting system became a sort of pension pool. "Give him a territory," the word was. One superannuated pitcher received three paychecks before he found out he was a scout. When a particular territory was not heard from for any length of time, it was simply assumed that no right-handed pull hitters had been turned up and there was nothing to report. What was reported wasn't much.

"We didn't fire many people," says Ed Kenney, Mahoney's assistant and another homebred (all Red Sox officials except Personnel Vice-President Mike Higgins, Executive Assistant Ted Williams and Yawkey himself are Massachusetts products). "But we called them all in and reindoctrinated them. We made it clear that we were interested in the complete player, one who could run and field and throw, whether he was right-handed or not."

Of the 39 men on the Sox spring roster this year, 27 were farm products. Only five players were more than 30 years old and the average age of the others was

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23. When the season began four of the eight starters were left-handed hitters. (It is emphasized around Fenway these days that the 10 batting championships the Red Sox have won over the past 24 seasons have all been by left-handed batters: Ted Williams, Billy Goodman, Pete Runnels and Carl Yastrzemski.) Two of the starting pitchers were rookies.

After two months of play the Red Sox were under .500, which is one thing. They also didn't seem particularly disturbed about their standing, which is another. The advent of so many young and presumably hungry players seemed not to have much altered the mellow mood of 1961, when rookies Yastrzemski and Schilling attempted to "talk it up" on the bench and were withered into silence by the cool glances of their elders.

"They told me when I came here," Schilling says, "that there were a lot of guys who didn't care much whether they won or lost as long as they had fun. But a lot of those guys aren't here anymore. It's changed, but not enough for *the public or the press to notice. I guess* it hasn't changed enough."

"The attitude on this club did surprise me when I came here as a coach in 1960," Billy Herman admits. "But we've got rid of some of the dead wood. One reason I took the job is that I have complete authority. If I want to fine somebody $200, I don't have to call the front office for an O.K. I just do it, and nobody's going to give the money back."

But the fun habit is hard to eliminate. "If he has the kind of authority," one player asked, "why doesn't he use it?"

Actually, the Red Sox are only one of 20 major league clubs with playboy problems, and they don't even lead the American League in that department. There is a more fundamental reason for their aplomb in the face of failure. Through the years Yawkey has acquired a reputation for all-forgiving generosity, and he has earned it.

Yawkey is known as a conservative, and that is unfair. He relinquished both the San Francisco and Minneapolis territories in the name of expansion. He admires Judge Robert Cannon, counsel to the Players Association, for promoting "understanding" between management and players. This Yawkey needed least of any owner because his players to a man understand one thing about him. "All I know," they say unanimously, "is that he's been good to me."



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Too good. The rules allow management to cut a player's salary up to 25% after a bad season. Yawkey almost never cuts anybody. "They say there's no sentiment in baseball," he says almost sheepishly, "but I guess I have more than most."

It would seem that a man with nine-figure holdings in lumber and minerals would have learned to be cold and hard. "I can be," Yawkey says, "but I'd rather not. I'd rather trade a man than cut his pay. I'm aware of what Mr. Rickey said, and I guess he must be right."

Branch Rickey said it was wiser to get rid of a player a year too soon than a year too late, when his value has diminished. Yawkey, waiting with players until they establish their incompetence, has been repeatedly stuck with them for a year or two while finding some place to unload them. Five such players for two years each amount to 10 years' worth of inferiority, for which Yawkey has paid handsomely.

"I guess that has happened too often," Yawkey concedes. "We have made a lot of mistakes around here. It could have been managed better, and it's my fault it wasn't. The trouble is, I like to think of my people as associates, rather then employees."

Yawkey hastens to add that he did not consider the players themselves to be associates, and the reason for his exception articulates his paternal benevolence toward his athletes. "Players are the most helpless people in the world. If you told them to go to San Francisco by themselves, they might wind up in Mexico City. I guess we could have really used a resident s.o.b. in the organization," Yawkey concludes. "There hasn't been one since Eddie, and he wasn't really." Eddie Collins, who sold Yawkey the idea of buying and "bailing out" the depressed Red Sox of 1933, was general manager until his death in 1951.

Yawkey disputes the popular notion that his competent players "always" get pay raises. Frank Malzone, the senior man and an eight-time All-Star, has not always, Yawkey emphasizes. "Not the last two years," says Malzone, who is 35 and a lifetime .278 hitter up to this season. "But once you get past $30,000 you can't expect it. They pay about the same as other clubs, except they don't cut anybody. And maybe we do better with bonuses and things."

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Yawkey has seen black ink six times in his first 32 years in Boston, and it is no disillusion to him that the blind loyalty of New England fans has been less visible at the turnstiles since 1960. "The only way to do better," he says, "is to win. They shake your hand and wish you well at Rotary meetings, but they don't show up. All they care about—I don't give a damn what anybody says—is the won-lost record."

One way to win is to have the best players. The Red Sox did in 1946, but coincidentally that was the year Jackie Robinson—who had been tried in Fenway Park and found wanting—played his first year in organized (white) baseball. In the parade of Larry Dobys and Roy Campanellas and Elston Howards that followed, the Red Sox brought up the rear. Brooks Lawrence had pitched and won for five years in such pseudo-southern cities as St. Louis and Cincinnati before Pumpsie Green became the Red Sox' first Negro big leaguer in 1959.

It is easy now for Bostonian critics, seeking a policy man behind such a self-defeating pattern, to point fingers at Mike Higgins, an unreconstructed Texan with classically Confederate views on Negroes, but it is too easy. Higgins, who did not become field manager until 1955 and did not take a desk in the front office until late 1962, could hardly have been the Caucasian in the woodpile.

"They blame me," Yawkey says, "and I'm not even a Southerner. I'm from Detroit." Yawkey remains on his South Carolina fief until May because Boston weather before then is too much for his sensitive sinuses. "I have no feeling against colored people," he says. "I employ a lot of them in the South. But they are clannish, and when that story got around that we didn't want Negroes they all decided to sign with some other club. Actually, we scouted them right along, but we didn't want one because he was a Negro. We wanted a ballplayer."

The first Negro the Red Sox scouted was Piper Davis, a second baseman, and in September 1949 they bought him conditionally from the Birmingham Black Barons. Piper got as far as Scranton in the Eastern League, but he was returned to the Barons in May 1950, when it was decided his talents did not merit the balance of the payment. Inasmuch as Davis wrote no great record anywhere else, there is no evidence that the Red Sox' evaluation of him was in error.

continued



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SUNOCO

The first Negro the Red Sox signed for keeps was Earl Wilson, a 17-year-old pitcher, in 1953. He joined Pumpsie Green on the Red Sox in 1959, but wildness kept him going back and forth to the minors. In 1964, when he finally got the ball over the plate, people hit it over the fence 37 times, a Red Sox record.

There were three Negroes and Mantilla, a dark-skinned Puerto Rican, on this year's roster. In addition, Lenny Green, a discard from Baltimore, played his way onto the team. The N.A.A.C.P. has called off its pickets, but the Aarons and Clementes and Olivas are still playing for other teams, despite the shook-up scouts.

The managers have tried over the years since Joe McCarthy's two near-pennants in the late 1940s to lift the club, but they have not been much help. Billy Herman is a compromise between the laissez-faire of Mike ("they're grown men") Higgins and the abortive attempts of Lou Boudreau, Billy Jurges and Johnny Pesky to "build a fire" under a complacent team.

Boudreau, like Eddie Stanky, was one of those fiercely competitive players who should have been able to arouse the combative spirits of a team of zombies. But, like Stanky, he somehow inspired nothing so much as resentment.

Jurges, a teammate of Herman's on three pennant ventures with the Cubs, also tried to extol the virtue of hustle and failed dismally. "He would put on these rah-rah speeches in the clubhouse," an ex-Red Sox player says, "and you had to figure he was kidding." Jurges finally lost control one day during a meeting that may have been unprecedented in that he invited—"summoned" might be more accurate—the press. An unnamed player had been quoted in *The Christian Science Monitor* to the effect that the manager had some growing up to do. In plenary session, Jurges demanded that the player identify himself. It was a shrill failure that pretty well made the player's point, and Jurges was soon gone.

Pesky, despite a run-in with Yastrzemski that smoldered on in mutual hatred, might have been something like the manager the Red Sox needed, except for two things: 1) he tried to do too much too soon to change attitudes too long established and, 2) like Jurges, he was too sensitive to the barbs of the Boston press.

The Boston press takes some getting used to, even if you're just reading it. In a time when the Alphonses and Gastons of the publishing business have peacefully

continued

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partitioned the morning and afternoon in places like Los Angeles and Detroit, it is a rarity to see an old-fashioned competitive press in a smaller city. Not only do editions of Boston's metropolitan papers pop out at all odd hours of the day and night, but the city is ringed by lively suburban dailies that want to—and do—get in the act. With 10 papers double- and triple-teaming the Red Sox' home games, Fenway's is often the only press box more populous than those in New York, and the rivalry is so keen that the newsstands carry more angles than a geometry book. Little things come to mean such a lot that Pesky had to endure strained relations with more people than Yastrzemski before his two-year stewardship ended.

"You have to understand something else," says a Bostonian who digs the Red Sox scene. "All the writers in Bahston are hall fans. Sure, they're sarcastic and cynical about the club, and they're always ripping somebody. But there's a reason for that. When those guys go to spring training they're conditioned to expect the worst. But they can't help looking for the best. They see a new shahtstop who looks pretty good, and they get carried away because they want to believe he's that good. Then in May the kid is hitting .191 and they're sahr as hell. They feel deceived. It's like they fell in love with some brahd and she took off with another guy. They're sahr all the time because they're fans."

Comes now the crowning irony. The same Boston press is honing its hatchets for the new stadium plan to be presented by Governor Volpe's three-man commission at the end of June. It is as true as it was when Tom Yawkey first surveyed his new holdings in 1933 that there is not room to play baseball between Lansdowne and Jersey Streets, and nothing would help the Sox as much as a new, spacious playground. But if the Boston press is composed of fans it is also composed of taxpayers. Even if they live in Quincy or Worcester or Wellesley, they are taxpayers to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, which is uncommonly short of wealth these days.

"The total disclosure to the press and public cannot be made until June 29," says Msgr. George Kerr, a member of Boston College's 1941 Sugar Bowl team and now a member of the Stadium Commission. "But the basic plan is for an arena-garage complex as the first phase,

to make money immediately to help defray the total expense."

The total expense, Msgr. Kerr says, would approximate $87 million, because the new Boston stadium would outdome Houston. Boston's would have a roof, of course, but the roof would be retractable.

"Railroad property is available at the end of the new turnpike," Msgr. Kerr says, "in the South Station area. The garage is needed anyway, because the area is very adjacent to the center of Boston. The arena is necessary because Boston Garden is obsolete because of parking. So is Fenway Park, for the same reason.

"We have talked to bonding companies around the country, and they approve the plan. It would be one of the few stadiums in the country built with private capital. Of course, the property would revert to the state after 40 years."

And nothing can be done without the Red Sox. "They would be prime tenants," Msgr. Kerr says. "They have the longest tradition, and they would have first say in many areas."

But Yawkey doesn't talk like a man with first say. "They want me to say I'll play," he says, "but I can't give any commitment until I know what the costs will be—the share of the concessions, the rent, a number of things."

Yawkey is wary from experience of political negotiations in Boston. He has tried "about 20 times" for clearance to close Lansdowne Street and move the wall back. He could have bought up the complex of liquor distributorships across the street, where the real home runs land, and the street would no longer be needed. "But this is the only big-league city that is also a state capital," Yawkey points out. "You have to deal on two political levels. You get agreement from the state and you find you've lost the city."

Rapport between the city and state on any $87 million playground seemed highly unlikely as the presentation day neared. At about that time, Mayor Collins of Boston was pointing out, the Commonwealth would owe the city about $13,650,000 in welfare funds. The legislators, he scolded, would have to keep other costs down.

And the wall would stay up, and the Red Sox hitters and pitchers would continue to live in its shadow. They should worry. They don't have to win, and the pay is good. **END**



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PEOPLE

Earlene Brown, who stands 5 feet 9, weighs 240 pounds and holds the U.S. women's shotput record, has diverted her ample talents into the professional roller derby circuit (*below*). Bodies are scattering like tenpins. In brief, Earlene, who first discovered her strength in grammar school when her teacher made her go play with the boys because she kept knocking the tetherball off its tether, is a great success. "The Man up there made me big," says Earlene. "Now maybe this size of mine will make me a little money."

Although the world's most notorious former heavyweight champion is still highly visible in the quickie version of *Harlow*, many exhibitors—in view of recent developments—have dropped his name from the movie's billings. The more imaginative, however, have updated their marquees. One midwestern theater, for example, advertises: "See **Sonny Liston** —on his feet."

The decline that has left Britain less Great reached its nadir. **Robin Hood** tried to enter an archery tournament near his home town and was rejected. Robin, a dead shot at 30 paces, was barred from the English Midland Archery Championships in Leamington because the age limit is 18 and he was only 17. The young yeoman masked his disappointment and politely answered the obvious question of the curious: Is he related? "I don't know," said Robin Hood, "but legend says he was born at Locksley, only a few miles from my home. I suppose I could be."

Baseball's recent draft of free agents missed a good one, but the disappointed prospect is not giving up yet. In the best Jim Brosnan tradition, *The Sporting News* carried the following advertisement, complete with photograph:

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Notice that September and October are not mentioned. Obviously, ol' Satch expects to be picked up for some team's pennant drive.

There must be simpler ways to improve your golf, but if you've tried everything else— advises a prominent British medical man —you might try pregnancy. Dr. **John D. Flew**, former dean of London Hospital Medical College and a strong advocate of moderate exercise for mothers-to-be, discovered this remedy quite accidentally. Writing for a British medical journal, he explained, "I have got in the habit of advising pregnant golfers not to take a full swing and to leave their wooden clubs home. Many, I find, score better than ever before."

Boston Outfielder 'n' Rock 'n' Roller **Tony Conigliaro** is currently hitting in the .270 range, which is no Himalaya. But he hasn't lost any fans—fans of his music, that is. Visiting a Boston nightclub, Conigliaro was introduced to the audience. "I'm going to count to three," Tony told the crowd. "When I get to three, boo me." "Now I feel right at home," he intended to add. The audience didn't boo. It cheered. There are some weeks nothing goes right.

"I'm weary," said **Wayne Woodrow Hayes** after 14 frenetic seasons as Ohio State football coach. "I need to get away from everything for a while." Since "everything" would presumably include football, no one paid much attention. But to the surprise of all Columbus, Woody caught a jet to Munich and proceeded thence to a retreat in the Bavarian Alps. "I may not do any mountain climbing," said Hayes as he departed, "but I'm going to do a lot of hiking." His startled staff did a lot of double takes. Still, recalling that Woody's last, dimly remembered vacation "lasted less than a week," his assistants didn't believe he could endure an announced three weeks away from football. "Not unless somebody's put a goal line on top of the Matterhorn," one of them said. "If so, Woody will manage to get up there—three yards at a time."

Fred Waring and Atomic Physicist **Edward Teller** are good friends and fellow residents of Palm Desert, Calif. They are also constant opponents at gin rummy. Gin semipro Waring was happy to give a critique of gin semipro Teller (also known for developing the hydrogen bomb). "While this brilliant mathematician plays his cards well," says Waring, "he can't keep score."

Despite their continued subnormal position in the league standings, the Yankees have not abandoned normalcy altogether. Now the front office is getting stuffy again. In one episode of an upcoming television series, *Trials of O'Brien*, actor **Peter Falk** is tipped off by a Stadium hot-dog vendor that a floating crap game will take place that evening. The locale will be the locker room of the visiting team. Yankee brass, ever zealous to defend the purity of ballplayers' reputations, heard of this defamatory dialogue through devious channels and promptly protested. Will the Yankees' injured outcry go unheeded? Perhaps not. *Trials of O'Brien* is a CBS production.

Southern Methodist fans were startled to learn last week that four members of the SMU football team—Halfback **Larry Jerigan** and Linemen **Mike Moore, Harold Magers** and **Ronnie Merritt**—would spend the summer in jail. The players landed jobs with Sheriff Bill Decker, a Mustang addict, as guards in the Dallas County lockup.

"Ben Hur's playing tennis!" one member of the New Orleans Country Club excitedly told another. Sure enough, a crowd of 300 gathering around the center court found **Charlton Heston** (*below*) locked in a doubles match with three club members. As he and his partner lost the first set and won the second, Heston displayed the form of a player who has a private court, which he does. "I keep in shape by playing tennis," said the former Northwestern football player. "I told my son to play tennis and forget football." And chariot driving?





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A bunch of the boys were whooping it up

A cluster of the brightest high school track stars in the U.S. met at Sacramento and turned in some startling, grown-up performances



10-FOOT POLE VAULTER BOB STEINHOFF IS ONLY SECOND BEST IN HIS OWN SCHOOL

On the Berkeley campus of the University of California, one of the few places where a student can major in placard-carrying and sit-ins, the nation's finest college track and field athletes assembled last weekend to compete in the NCAA championships. First places in five events went to sophomores who, in the Cal spirit of things, had little respect for the establishment and made their presence unpleasant for their elders. But those sophs had better be warily watching over their own shoulders for signs of revolt, because in a track and field meet 80 miles away in Sacramento a group of high school boys proved themselves so strong and swift that they could hardly be distinguished from their college counterparts.

The showcase for the upstart precollegians was the Golden West Invitational Track and Field Meet, a grandly named affair run by the North Sacramento Optimist Club in all the big-time atmosphere of a Moose Lodge potluck supper. With little public or press support, the Optimists took over the meet from the Los Angeles area, where it had failed for five years to outdraw Little League games. They managed to attract prep stars from 26 states (even though they could not afford to pay transportation expenses for their competitors), and they arranged to have old-time Miler Glenn Cunningham on hand to pass out bric-a-brac to the winners.

Since not much has happened on Sacramento's sports scene lately—though there was the Camellia Bowl last fall—5,061 of the curious trickled into Hughes Stadium and were pleasantly surprised. Bob Beamon, a lanky 18-year-old from Jamaica, N.Y., hopped, stepped and jumped 50 feet 3¼ inches with the aid of a slightly favoring wind which was good enough to have won the NCAA title at Berkeley (where Clarence Robinson of the University of New Mexico did 50 feet 2 inches). Beamon also took a shot at the long jump but fouled five

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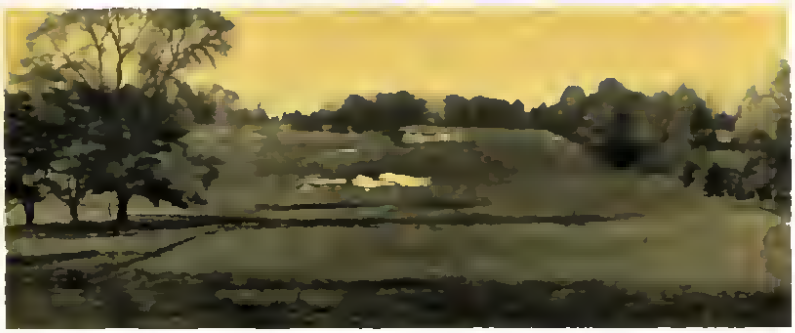
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times, though at least two of the fouls came on leaps of more than 25 feet. Ron Freeman of Elizabeth, N.J., won the 440 in 46.8, only .6 second slower than the NCAA, and Bob Hawke, a brute from Butte, Mont., threw the high-school discus 187 feet 11 inches.

The considerable skills and versatility of the boys competing in the meet was not always evident, however. For instance, Steve Lane, from George West, a little bitty Texas town south of San Antonio, did not place in the high hurdles, but Baylor University still wants him badly, and with good reason. In his Texas regional meet, Lane won the high hurdles, the low hurdles, the shot put and the discus and later on won both the high hurdles and the discus in the state Class-A meet. (He also made all-state fullback.) Cliff Larson, bound for the University of Houston, finished fifth in the discus in Sacramento, but he did 190 feet 11 inches earlier this year. He is a Class-AAA all-state guard in football. Craig Grant and Bruce Bowman from Hillside, Ill. ran on four relay teams that set national scholastic records; both are USC prospects.

Two national high school record holders, Half-miler Richard Joyce of Whittier, Calif., and Pole Vaulter Paul Wilson of Downey, Calif., did not appear in the meet, but celebrity-conscious fans got their money's worth from Olympian Jim Ryun of Wichita East High School in Kansas. Ryun, the first high school boy to run a sub-four-minute mile, decided he would use his last schoolboy meet to attempt an unprecedented double, the two mile and the mile. Twice before in the Golden West meet the distance double had been tried, and both times the boy trying it pooped out in his second race like a middle-aged man trying to catch both games of a weekend softball double-header. In 1962 Doug Brown of Red Lodge, Mont., who won two distance events in the NCAA meet this year (but on different days), won the two-mile in 9.16.2 but was a well-beaten fifth in the mile. The following year Tracy Smith of Arcadia, Calif., now at Oregon State, also won the two-mile, but he finished out of the money in the mile.

Ryun's goal in the two-mile was to better the national high school record of 8:56.5, held by little Gerry Lindgren of Spokane, Wash. When Ryun was a junior, he met Lindgren in an indoor two-

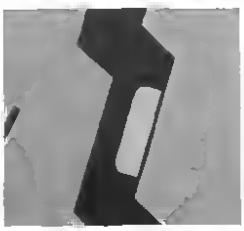
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mile run in San Francisco's Cow Palace, but he fell on the first turn and never really got back in the race. In Sacramento, Ryun's try at Lindgren's schoolboy record failed, though he did set a meet record of 9:04. Dissatisfied with the early pace, he took over himself and led the rest of the way, his head wobbling characteristically like a bobble doll's.

Ryun rested for a little more than an hour and came back to run the mile, where his chief opposition figured to be Jim Olson of Kirkwood, Mo., who had run 4:06.5 a week earlier. Ryun held back most of the way, giving the fans some hope that it might be a close and exciting finish, but then he easily sprinted away from Olson to win in 4:04.3. After his unprecedented double he appeared only mildly tired.



DOUBLE WINNER Jim Ryun receives trophy and admiring look from runner Marie Mulder.

"He probably will be one of the great ones for some time," said J. D. Edmiston, Ryun's coach at East High. "If he runs his normal course as distance runners go, he's got a long time to run."

The next four years of Ryun's "long time" will be spent at the University of Kansas, where his former coach at East High, Bob Timmons, takes over as head track coach next fall. Wasting no time, Timmons so far seems to be doing the best job of recruiting in the country, although he does not like to admit it. Six boys good enough to be asked to compete in the Golden West have definitely decided to join Timmons at Kansas, and all six of them placed, collecting three firsts, two seconds, one third and two

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fourths. Two years from now, when Kansas aims at the NCAA championship, their presence will be felt

Miler Mike Petterson of Wichita East, who has run in Ryun's spike tracks all through high school, will try to pass him sometime during their stay at Kansas. Mike finished fourth in the Golden West mile. Kenny Gaines, a high jumper from Kinsley, Kan. who has jumped 6 feet 7¼ inches, was considering Kansas State but switched to Kansas at Timmons' urging. George Byers of Kansas City, Mo. finished third in the high hurdles and second in the lows, and Javelin Thrower Ron Shelley of Southeast High in Wichita missed winning his event by less than a foot

Next to Ryun, Timmons' biggest prize at the meet was Bob Steinhoff of Downey, Calif., a pole-vaulting teammate of the more famous Paul Wilson. But Steinhoff is a 16-footer in his own right, and Timmons has stolen him from under the noses of all the track-crazy California schools by signing up Steinhoff's high school coach as an assistant at Kansas. Steinhoff won at 15 feet 6 inches and made 16 feet on an unofficial try. The NCAA pole vault was won at 15 feet 8½ inches.

Ryun, hugging the large Governor's Trophy given to him for being the outstanding performer in the meet, tried to explain Timmons' recruiting magic.

"He's just a tremendous coach. He has a tremendous reputation. He's had a part in five or six boys getting out here to this meet, and that's pretty good. He also coached swimming and in nine years won seven state championships. The other two years he was second."

Timmons is a short man with close-cropped hair and a self-effacing manner. He pretends bewilderment at the complexities of college recruiting.

"We just try to tell the boys a little bit about the school and some of the boys we have, and about our goals," he said. "You should talk to some of these college coaches who know about this. I'm new at it."

"That Timmons will give Kansas quite a team," said one coach at the meet. "He gives that song and dance, 'I'm new at this,' but he's done a tremendous job for such a short time. He's a guy who loves the sport and the kids. This is his life. Family is second, everything else is second. He won't rest until he's got the national title." END

italy

is for people who like something beside the sea—Piazza San Marco far instance. The sea, after all, is the sea. It's the shore that counts. Take Venice, for instance, as privileged travelers have for centuries now. Beside that beach, you have the Bridge of Sighs, the gondolas, the Titians, Venetian lace and glass, and Piazza San Marco. Yet, considered simply as a beach, the Lido in Venice can match any in the world—grain for grain, wave for wave, bikini for bikini, it took Roman ingenuity to invent bikinis, and Italian figures to do them justice).

No less than four seas lap Mediterranean Italy—the Adriatic, the Ligurian, the Tyrrhenian, and the Ionian. Nowhere in Italy is more than 95 miles from a beach. Some are jammed with gilded bodies, others are barely large enough for one boat and a very close couple. Italian beaches come rocky and wild—endless and serene, and everything in between.

Different as they are, Italian beaches have important things in common. The Italian sun, so nearly every day is a beach day. The Italian people, as warm as the sun. And the shadow of masterpieces, the treasures of nine great civilizations. Roman, Greek, Carthaginian, Phoenician, Goth, Byzantine, Moorish, Spanish, Norman. You won't be the first to come to Italy.

But isn't it time you repaid our visit from Columbus? People always came back to Italy.





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BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

A message from Agent 0-32.92

According to the most recent U.S. Government classification my number is 0-32.92. This may be less glamorous than the notorious 007, but at least it is fact, not fiction. According to the Government Printing Office's 1,518-page book of job categories created by the U.S. Department of Labor, 0-32.92 means bridge teacher—a profession of which I am proud to have been a member for some 30 years.

In an increasingly recreation-minded world, teaching bridge has become a profitable full-time occupation for a growing group of trained professionals. It is

Neither side vulnerable
West dealer

NORTH
♠ J 10 8
♥ A Q 2
♦ 7 3
♣ K Q J 8 6

WEST
♠ 9 7 5 3 2
♥ 6 5 3
♦ 9 6 5 4
♣ A

EAST
♠ A K
♥ 9 4
♦ K J 10 8 2
♣ 10 7 4 2

SOUTH
♠ Q 6 1
♥ K J 10 8 7
♦ A Q
♣ 9 5 3

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
PASS	1 ♠	1 ♦	1 ♥
PASS	2 ♥	PASS	4 ♥
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead, ace of clubs

no longer true, if it ever was, that "He who can, does; he who can't, teaches." The teaching ranks include many top tournament players.

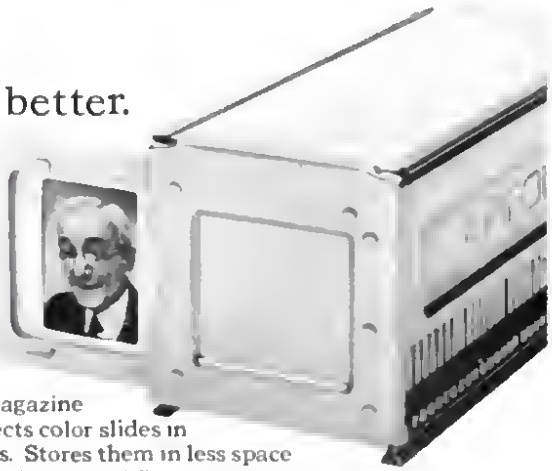
This doesn't mean that it is necessary to be a star player in order to be a good teacher. But quite a few of the top instructors who are members of the American Bridge Teachers' Association are Life Masters who will play in the Summer National Championships in Chica-

continued



Somebody crumpled Gramps.

He deserves better.



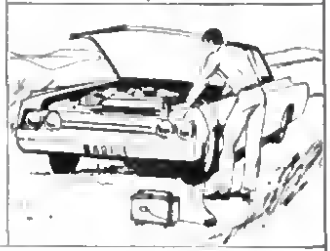
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go immediately following their convention there August 4–6. Many of these teachers have augmented the standard texts on bridge with lesson texts of their own, including practice hands designed to teach ideas once considered too advanced for the usual pupil.

This week's deal, for example, is an advanced text used by my long-time friend, Dorothy Jane Cook, one of the leading teachers of the Chicago area and a former ABTA president. It illustrates one of the rare occasions when it is safe to use a suit preference signal while following suit to partner's trick.

If you were East and your partner led the ace of clubs, what would you do? Obviously, this must be a singleton. Partner has ignored leading the suit you bid. Instead, he has led the suit bid by the North player, and in cashing the ace of that suit he must know that he is probably setting up tricks for the declarer. Therefore, he must be hoping to get one or more club ruffs. And probably he is hoping to put you in quickly by leading a diamond. But you don't have the top diamond!

To make him lead a spade, you must play the 10 of clubs. Partner, if he indeed has a singleton, will realize that you cannot have a singleton, nor is it likely that you have only a doubleton. Hence you must be trying to tell him something. The message should be clear. By dropping the highest card you hold in the club suit you are telling him to lead the highest of the side suits.

So, if partner gets the message, he shifts to a spade, not a diamond. Note that if he had shifted to a diamond, declarer would draw trumps and easily make five-odd, discarding two spades on the long clubs in dummy.

With a spade lead, however, not only do you set the contract, you can set it three tricks. (And here is where the clever teacher builds into this same hand another winning lesson in signal plays.) You win the first spade trick with the ace, not the king. Next you cash the king. This reverse order of doing things tells partner that you have no more cards in the suit.

Now you return partner's original club lead. Just to make matters even clearer, you lead back your highest remaining club, the 7, reemphasizing that you want him to return the higher-ranking side suit. He ruffs the club and leads a spade for you to ruff. You lead a third club for him to ruff. Alas, the party is now over. But instead of declarer making five-odd, he is down three.

EXTRA TRICK

Suit preference signaling can be dangerous when it is not entirely clear to partner. If you are not sure that partner can read it correctly, you will be better off not to try to guide him. And, if you are a pretty fair bridge player and are looking for an income-producing career, I recommend that you consider teaching. I did pretty well at the profession—and the opportunity today is greater than ever. So if you, too, decide to become 0-32-92, greetings. **END**



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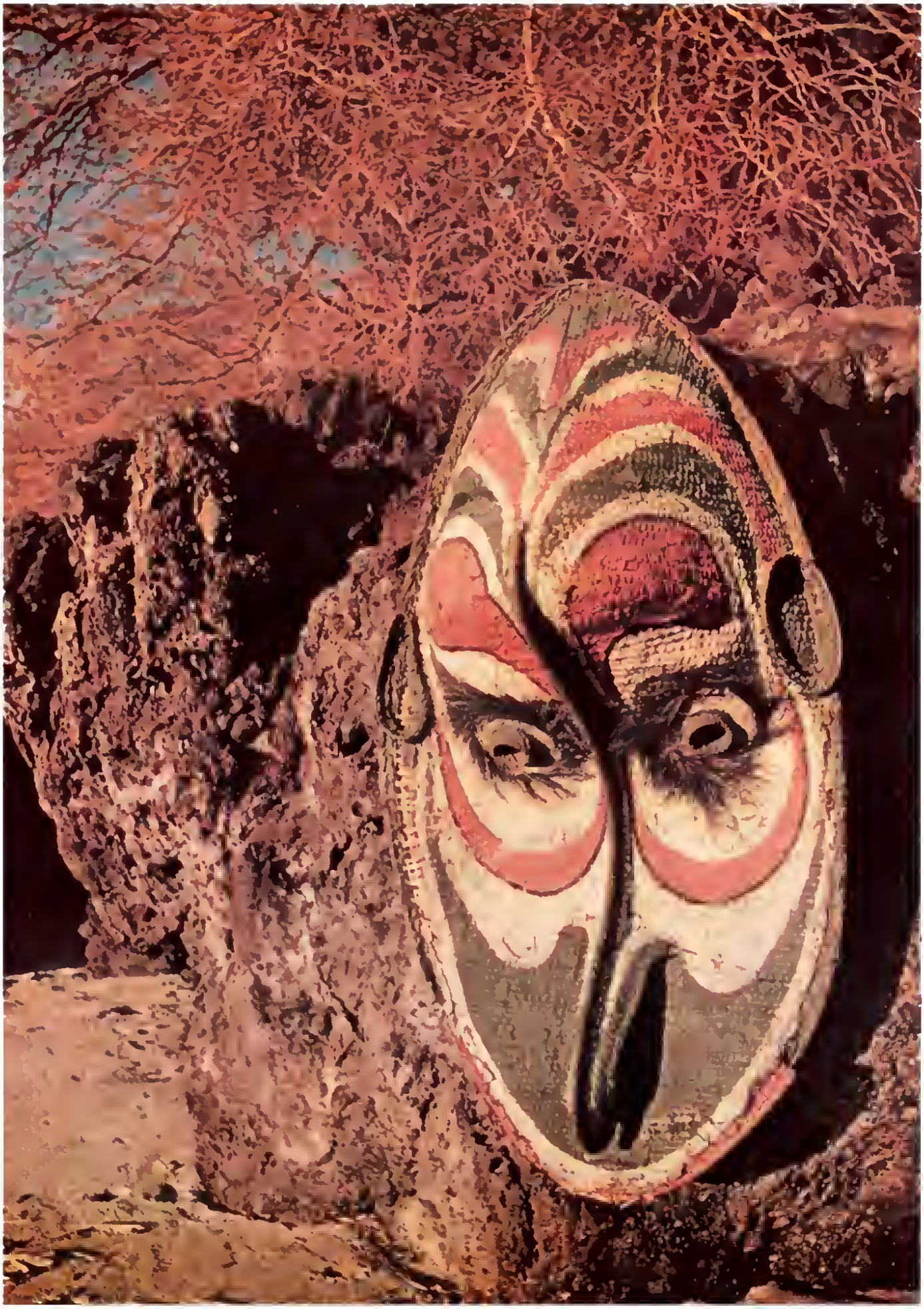
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A SHOCKING APPROACH TO TRANQUILLITY

The long-nosed mask nestled at right against a volcanic rock beneath a bower of thorny kiawe trees is a most unusual symbol of hospitality. Made of woven cane, its visage decorated with clay and native dyes, it once hung in a New Guinea tribal house to protect occupants and guests from inhospitable spirits. Along with other rare exotica from all over the Pacific, it decorates a lavish new Laurance Rockefeller resort hotel, Mauna Kea, which may itself someday rank as Pacific exotica. The first major resort on the relatively inaccessible island of Hawaii, Mauna Kea typifies the wondrous things that happen when a Rockefeller with his own philosophy of recreation begins tearing up the orthodox ideas about what a resort must have—and tearing up his budgets, too. On the following pages are more views of Mauna Kea, which opens next week, and the story of the man who built it.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETE TURNER





Ranged for the photographer on the third tee at Mauna Kea are some of the resort's profusion of art objects—including an 18th century Thai



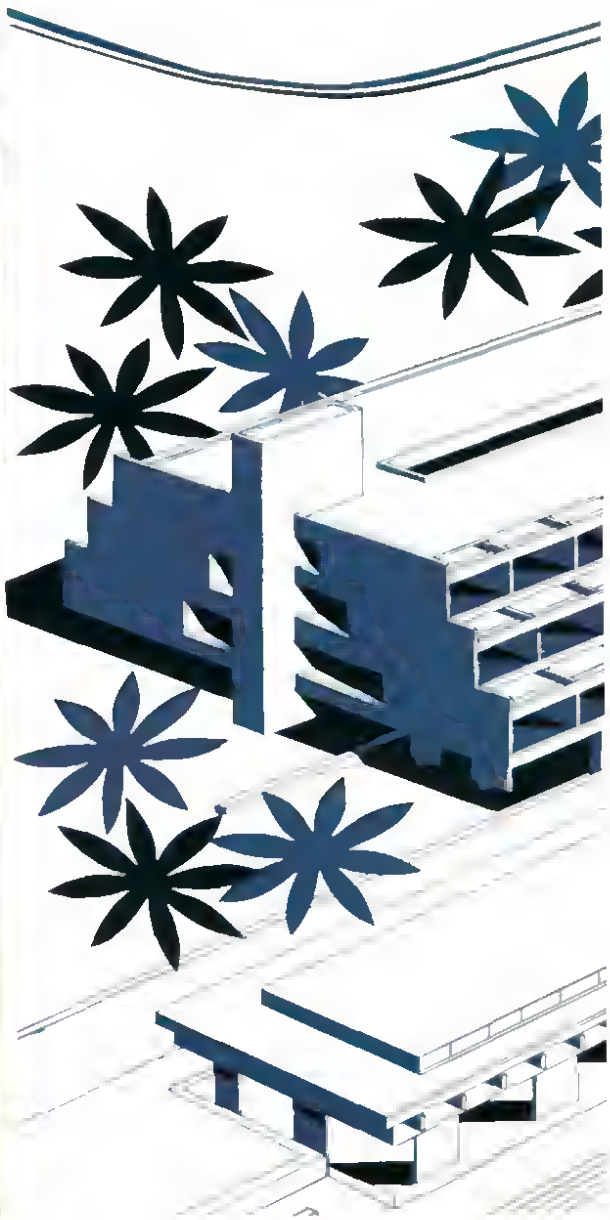
figure, a three-legged Indian ghamla, a Japanese festival horse, a Zanzibar chest, a 700-year-old Thai Buddha—and a blue tee marker, circa 1965

'PIONEERS IN EVERY SENSE'

With a big name, a big bankroll and the nerve to risk millions of dollars in some of the world's littlest places, imaginative Laurance Rockefeller (below) is a resort builder without peer BY GWILYM S. BROWN



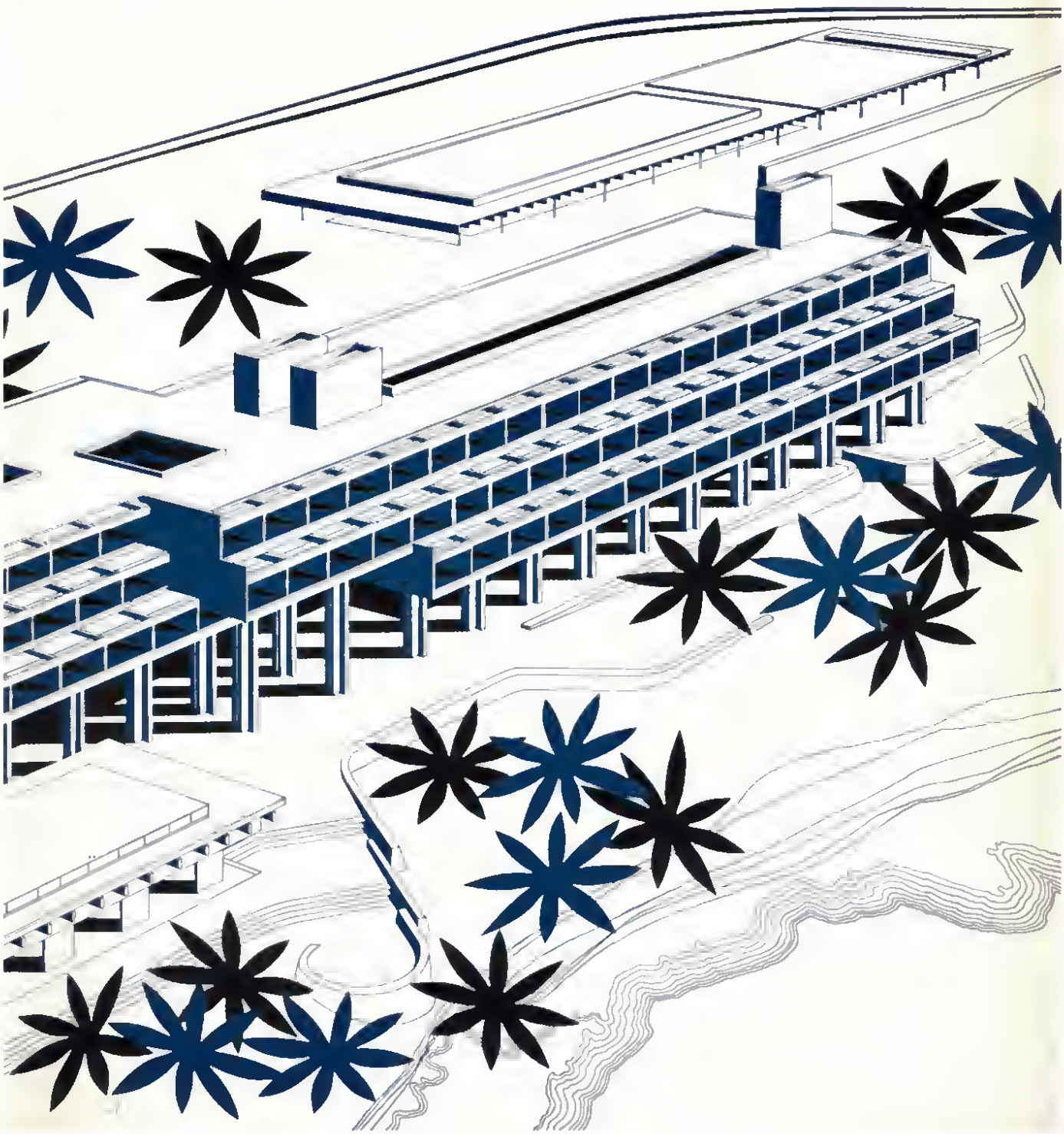
An artist's rendering of the Mauna Kea hotel shows its distinctive combination of terraces, pillars and courtyards. Each room has courtyard exposure, and all face either ocean or golf course. At lower left is the dining room, at upper right the clubhouse.



It is easy enough to remember that there are five Rockefeller brothers, all grandsons of John D. the First, but beyond that the average nonbanker has trouble keeping them straight, for the Rockies have a way of blending together in the mind like the peaks that make up a mountain range. Two, perhaps, possess distinctive public identities. There is the brother who was once married to Bobo. Winthrop. He is also a rancher in Arkansas and last fall he ran unsuccessfully for governor. Then there is the brother who is now married to Happy. Nelson. He is also governor of New York and last summer ran unsuccessfully for . . . well, everyone does know about that. Then come John and David. Are they just in there pitching for the Rockefeller Foundation, the Rockefeller Brothers Fund and Rockefeller Center? Not exactly, but if this is the general conception of them it is not surprising, for these two court publicity as vigorously

continued

ED KASPER



as does Greta Garbo. Finally, there is Laurance, and if the world of politics and business knows a host of Rockefellers, the world of resort building knows only this far-seeing and nervy one.

Like a perfectly normal Rockefeller, Laurance is a good philanthropist, serving as president of and contributing his share to Rockefeller Brothers Fund, Inc., the family give-away program. Like a perfectly normal Rockefeller, he is a bold businessman, having earned a reputation as a remarkably effective venture capitalist in the jet-age sciences of space travel and propulsion. The family makes a fetish of keeping its principal interests from overlapping and, like a perfectly normal Rockefeller, Laurance has a special interest—conservation. A popular if not quite final measure of Laurance's accomplishments is that his *Who's Who* entry is 39 lines long, which makes him leader of the clan, five lines ahead of runner-up Nelson.

All these are worthy, down-to-earth endeavors, but down-to-earth does not reflect the real Laurance Rockefeller, not by a moon shot. What gives him away as a restless, creative, swinging, far-out, wild and yet, amazingly, very practical dreamer are his vacation resorts. In the past 10 years he has produced six of them. They have cost $60 million. They have been built in faraway places with strange-sounding names where no right-thinking man would invest in so much as a grass-skirt concession, and they have followed a unique—and financially terrifying—Rockefeller concept of what a resort must be. In a travel age that considers door locks, telephones and air conditioning to be as vital to a hotel as indoor plumbing, Rockefeller hates door locks, telephones and air conditioning. Consequently, in some of his resorts, he has simply left them out. Getting to most vacation spots is, as Madison Avenue says, half the fun, but getting to one of Rockefeller's remote resorts can be half the excitement. Yet what he has done is so imaginative and so comfortable that two of his creations are already operating in the black and there is ample reason to think that the others will be, too, including his latest and most lavish of all, the $15 million Mauna Kea Beach Hotel on the island of Hawaii. It is decorated with a bewildering assortment of artifacts collected from throughout Asia and the Pacific by Davis Allen of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, architects for the hotel. It is landscaped with native trees and shrubs and highlighted by a stretch of soft, white beach and a $2 million golf course. And it is, above all, a culmination of the things Laurance Rockefeller has learned in his decade of resort building. It is Rockefeller's wildest gamble to date. It could be extravagantly successful, and it could also be the most spectacular resort failure since the Romans built summer villas in Pompeii.

"This is a highly speculative field," admits Rockefeller. "We are, especially in Hawaii, pioneers in every sense of the word. I used to kid Bill Zeckendorf that the only real-estate investment too speculative for him is the one I have gone into. It is a little frightening."

It should be frightening, even for a man with a Rockefeller's resources, partly because Laurance's costly projects have several distinctions seldom found in more conventional resort palaces. First, there is that matter of location. Rockefeller's initial hotel venture, Jackson Lake Lodge, is located in the deepest wilderness of Wyoming. It is in, not accidentally, Grand Teton National Park, 33,562 acres of which were donated to the U.S. Government in 1949



The shingled roofs of the dining pavilion at Little Dix Bay produce a native-village effect and help the resort blend into the hilly background.

by John D. Rockefeller Jr. through Jackson Hole Preserve, Inc. Caneel Bay Plantation, which serves as the gateway to another Rockefeller-aided national park, is on the distant island of St. John in the U.S. Virgin Islands. From the nearest airport it is a long taxi and motorboat trip, six miles by land and four miles by sea. Dorado Beach, in Puerto Rico, is 20 miles along the coast from San Juan, and the connecting route is more byway than freeway. Little Dix Bay is on the mountainous island of Virgin Gorda in the British Virgin Islands, which means it is merely a plane, boat and jeep trip from San Juan airport. Yet Mauna Kea is the most inaccessible of all. It is 2,400 miles from California and 150 miles southeast of Honolulu by island-hopping Super Convair. Of the six Rockefeller resorts, the only easy-to-get-to spot is the hotel Laurance bought, as an act of charity, and expanded, Estate Good Hope on St. Croix.

"Remoteness is our chief problem," says Rockefeller. "It means we have to invest heavily in nonincome-producing items. At Jackson Hole, Caneel Bay, Little Dix and to a lesser extent the others, we have to provide housing for all our staff. In the Caribbean two-thirds of our investment is in bringing into the area the elements of civilization that we need just to run the places: water, housing, electricity, airstrips, roads, etc. We build a little town just to provide for the hotel. This commits us to large, income-producing facilities to make the original investment worthwhile. It also presupposes sustained growth."

To most builders this kind of setup represents a snowballing nightmare of investment commitments devoutly to be avoided, but Rockefeller will have things no other way, for he has a complete set of principles and philosophies concerning resort building. His resorts are where they are partly because he has long felt there is a need to open up scenic and stimulating wilderness areas, making them available to people who, like Rockefeller, want to get back to nature now and then and, if not wrestle with it, at least enjoy it. They are also where they are partly because of Laurance's desire to spend money where it can do somebody else some good, in areas that can use some economic pump priming. Building high-rise hotels in Miami Beach, oceanfront San Juan or on Waikiki does not interest him in the least. Another distinction lies in Rockefeller's insistence that his hotels retire discreetly into their background, the way Rockefeller himself might prefer to retire into his. He will not permit his structures to be gigantic protrusions on the landscape, monuments to the builder or the architect that are visible for miles from all the ships at sea. Caneel Bay Plantation, a string of bungalows fronted by a narrow slice of beach in a tiny inlet, can hardly be seen from an offshore rowboat. It is equally difficult to pick out the Dorado Beach Hotel grounds, though they harbor a gaggle of cottages and beach houses, a swimming pool, a casino, four bars, a dining room and dining terraces, tennis courts, a clubhouse and two 18-hole golf courses. Little Dix Bay, with its pointed, shingled huts, some of which are on stilts, and its quadruple-peaked dining area, looks exactly like a tranquil native village. Mauna Kea is slightly different, since there are very few trees to camouflage it, but its long, low lines merge well with the Kohala Mountains that rise in the distant background.

Though he hardly has a monopoly on such ingredients, a Rockefeller resort

continued



The crescent-shaped beach at Caneel Bay faces a well-protected natural harbor which affords the smooth-water bathing that Rockefeller likes.

will abound in good taste and strict privacy. This is made possible by Rockefeller's willingness to look upon a construction budget as a thing that thinking men exceed. He will make several visits to the construction scene to be sure that what looks good on paper looks good in steel and concrete. When it does not, he has it torn down.

Despite the attention to detail, Rockefeller's resorts are not philanthropic operations. He expects each of them to be able to stand on its own well-shod feet, although he is willing to wait 10, even 20 years for the original investment to start showing a return. Caneel Bay, with an annual operating budget of $1.5 million, has been self-sustaining for four years. Dorado Beach, until Mauna Kea the most extravagant Rockefeller resort, with an annual budget of $5.2 million, is making a profit.

"There are two criteria for success in the resort business," Rockefeller says. "One: Did you do a good job? Do people come to the resort and enjoy it? Two: Is it good business? Does it pay for itself? To me, the first criterion is the most important, but there is some interplay between them. One should reflect the success of the other. But if you fail in one criterion and succeed only in the other, then you have wasted your time. We are trying hard to succeed in both, because success is the ultimate test and we want very badly to encourage others to follow us in what we are trying to do."

The nature of both Rockefeller and his resorts could be seen one day last year when he came to inspect the early construction at Mauna Kea. The Hawaiian sun was hot, hot enough to drive most mortals under a banyan tree, iced drink in hand. Laurance, however, was standing hatless in the middle of the construction site, which was marked by little more than two towering cranes, the beginnings of a long, narrow cement foundation, scraps of rock, coils of steel and a large cement wall, about four feet high, all shimmering in the semitropical sun. He was not alone, but he seldom is. This time a group of 13 friends, relatives, builders and architects was trailing along. Suddenly Rockefeller's attention was caught by the cement wall, which would separate the hotel terrace-to-be from the beach 25 feet below it.

"That wall," said Rockefeller, turning to the architect who was serving as his guide. "Don't you think it is too high?"

"Well, it has to protect the terrace from the slope and the beach below," answered the architect, Dick Ciceri. "And from the design point of view, it is the great mass upon which the building sits."

From the design point of view, that might have been very true, but from the Rockefeller point of view the wall was doomed, for it was violating one of his most vital resort precepts.

"It blocks the view of the beach," Rockefeller said. "As far as the feeling of man to nature is concerned, this wall is an absolute dike to rapport, a truncation of man to nature. It is in direct opposition to everything we are trying to achieve here. It will just have to be taken down, or at least cut to half its present height."

Doomed too, because of Rockefeller's willingness to push buildings around like modeling clay, was a construction schedule that was already lagging and a budget already hopelessly inadequate. But it is the end result that concerns him most, and the wall might have marred that result.

Be it a Hawaiian beach or a Wyoming forest, Rockefeller's essential thought about conservation, recreation or resort building revolves around man's rapport with nature. This is what gives his resorts their distinctive quality. Rockefeller does not exactly ask his guests to rough it (especially at rates that reach $85 per day for a double at the height of the season), but he wants to keep his visitors in constant touch with the natural beauty around them. He has some unusual ways of going about this. Caneel Bay Plantation, for example, issues no room keys to its guests. Nor does it have telephones in the rooms. This once proved a source of considerable frustration to Frederick Kappel, the board chairman of AT&T, who offered to pay the expense of having a phone installed in his own room. Management told him, politely, that he might own a few million phones in America, but he was not going to have even one at Caneel Bay. Kappel was aggrieved, but not enough to keep him from coming back to the ringless peace of Caneel every year.

Another of Rockefeller's notions concerns air conditioning. To him it is just another way, like a too-high wall, of losing rapport with nature. But he does not want to lose his guests as well, so at most of his resorts he has permitted a kind of local option. Skillfully designed louvered walls let in an abundance of fresh air, and each room has access to an air-conditioning system. The system is there, but it is not essential. Little Dix Bay, however, has no option, only louvers. To create a sort of British colonial effect (after all, this is the *British* Virgin Islands), large four-bladed fans turn majestically in the ceiling, but they provide considerably less of a stir than the natural ventilation. The same is true at Caneel Bay.

Rockefeller's desire for open air also creates a stir in the Little Dix dining area, a kind of plaza protected by nothing more than four roofs resting on slanted stilts. The wind comes sweeping off the inlet in the evening, and falling crockery sometimes makes a mockery of dinner. Glass screens will be constructed to reduce the breakage, but meanwhile the tablecloths must be clamped down and salt sprinkled well to windward if it is to hit its target.

Yet this is mere puttering compared to the extremes Rockefeller's hostility toward air conditioning led him to at Mauna Kea. In 1961 he installed his own weather station there in order to find out, among other things, if it was practical to operate a resort without air conditioning in Hawaii's climate. He was delighted to discover that a cool breeze usually blew inland from the sea during the heat of day and that at night cool air came rolling down off the mountains. With this in mind, he was most receptive when Nat Owings, a partner of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, came to him with a startling new idea for a beach cottage.

"It was a pretty weird-looking thing,"

continued

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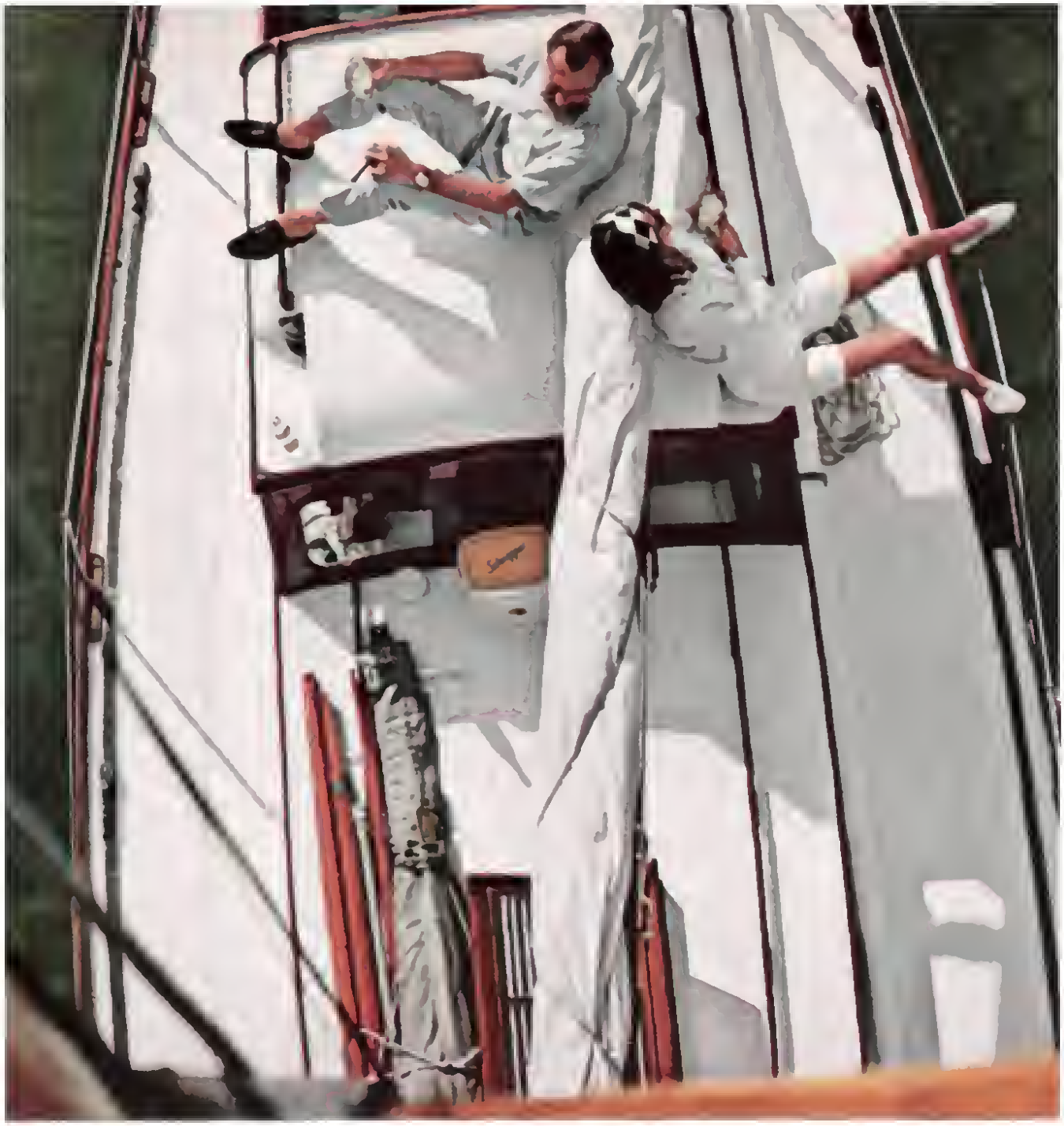
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"Well done, Commander Whitehead. The race and the tonic drink."

"The Schweppes Tonic drink, my dear."

"Of course. So refreshing and bubbly."

"Curiously refreshing and Schweppervescent."

"You do run a taut ship, Commander."



recalls Allston Boyer, the good-humored Harvard man who oversees the management of all Laurance's resorts. "It resembled a miniature mosque. Owings claimed that it was an ancient design that he had discovered in Greece, but some of us suspected he had dreamed it up back home in San Francisco. Anyway, it featured a big hole in the ceiling right over the bathtub, so you could lie there, I guess, and stare at the sky, praying, maybe, that a face wouldn't suddenly appear at the edge. It also had a huge opening in the main ceiling that was partially covered by something that looked like a cereal bowl turned upside down. This was designed to keep rain out, but let air in and out. The boss flipped when he saw the plan. The idea of individual cottages appealed to him because he thinks privacy in a resort is important, and this seemed like the ultimate in privacy. Then, of course, he liked the natural air conditioning.

"Henry Beebe, the boss's chief construction man, and I were pretty skeptical. We suspected it might be too hot, and we figured that when a real storm came up the wind would blow the rain in right under the protective bowl. Well, Laurance went ahead and had a full-scale model built down by the beach—I would hate to tell you how much it cost, and I won't, but plenty [an estimated $85,000]. Bob Hoke, from the public relations office, and I spent two restless nights in the thing, with sweat pouring off us. But when the boss tried it he just took a couple of pills, slept like a log and thought it was great. He was all set to build 100 of these cottages. Then, four days before we had to commit ourselves to an investment of several million dollars, a real storm came up the coast. Everything in the house got drenched, and that about washed the idea out of Laurance's mind. But the clincher came a few days later when we went out to Hawaii for another visit. This time a storm hit just as we arrived. When we walked in the front door of the mosque, water was pouring in through the ceiling, and who did we see but Architect Ciceri, soaked to the skin, standing in a foot of water and holding his shoes in one hand and his pants legs up with the other. The mosque idea was lost, but he had come to try and save the furniture at least."

This serio-comic clash with the elements brought Rockefeller around to the one-building concept of resort construction. His Caribbean resorts consist principally of independent units scattered over a fairly wide area. But they were costly to put up and operate.

Mauna Kea was eventually designed to combine all the advantages of independent units with the convenience of a centralized one. Distributed through the middle of the building are three large courtyards, open to the sky. Growing in them are gardens with palm trees. The rooms range along each side of these courtyards, facing either the ocean to the west or the golf course and Mauna Kea, a 14,000-foot-high volcano, to the east. Each room has both sliding louvered walls and sliding glass walls, these last a sop to those who want the artificial air conditioning. Much of the reception area, lounge area and shopping area is open, thus bringing the guests even closer to the outdoors. In fact, even though each guest is living in a four-story, 154-room building, he will experience the sensation of having the outdoors just a turn of the doorknob away.

Rockefeller developments, except for Jackson Lake Lodge, have another thing in common. "The boss is a great beach man," says Boyer.

The beach at Caneel is a narrow half moon of sand facing west onto a small bay. In the afternoon the slight Caribbean haze and the mountainous islands of St. Thomas and the Virgin Cays in the distance give Caneel the quiet quality of a lakeshore instead of the roar of an ocean resort. Little Dix has a similar crescent of sand facing on a small inlet, as well as two long beaches just up the coast. The beach at Mauna Kea is a wide, short crescent and it, too, is on a rather well-protected inlet.

"I know younger people like surf, a great deal of water turbulence," says Rockefeller, "But I prefer white sand and clear, still water. Like Caneel. The water off the beach is always calm, almost like a pool. It is so safe that we have never needed lifeguards. We consider the beach to be the natural anchor point of all our resorts."

If the beach is the natural anchor, the man-made supplement to the beach at Dorado and Mauna Kea is the golf course. One of Dorado's two 18s was good enough for the Canada Cup matches to be played on it in 1961. Mauna Kea is one of the best courses Golf Architect Robert Trent Jones ever designed. A man who is willing, and seems to relish, moving mountains to build golf holes, Jones decided to bulldoze very little of Mauna Kea's gently sloping hills and valleys, and the course lits beautifully into the rolling landscape.

For a while, putting a golf course into this part of Hawaii looked impossible. The area was open enough, but it was covered with volcanic rock that had tumbled down through the centuries from the now extinct Mauna Kea volcano.

"I didn't think we could put a golf course in there," admits Rockefeller. "But I took some samples of the rock home to put on my dresser and brood over. I showed one to Trent Jones, and he smashed it with a hammer. 'Going to be nothing to it,' he told me later. 'Let's go.'"

What Jones discovered was that the lava would crumble into a fine, rich dust. Then, when watered, the dust would turn into a rich soil base. As a result, very little soil had to be brought in for the course.

While Rockefeller likes his resorts to have such man-made supplements, he certainly does not consider them essential. There is no golf course at Jackson Hole, Little Dix or Caneel Bay. Caneel has only a single tennis court, Little Dix not even that.

"What we look for," he says, "are people who have enough inner resources to enjoy an unorganized environment, to appreciate peace, serenity, beauty and reasonable comfort. Naturally, in places like Mauna Kea, Little Dix, Grand Teton and Caneel we expect to draw outdoor-minded people, people who want to get away from organized activities."

Rockefeller could be his own most

continued



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satisfied customer. He is a vigorous outdoorsman who spends his own infrequent vacations chopping wood, hiking, boating, playing tennis, golfing and swimming. The result is a physique—a muscular chest and legs, 180 pounds on a 6-foot-high frame—which is more like that of a college halfback than a 55-year-old millionaire.

Laurance got his outdoor training early in life. His father, John D. Jr., was an avid conservationist who took a great interest in what the U.S. had to offer in the way of outdoor recreation. He traveled extensively around the country, and he took his boys along.

"These See America First trips with father were important," says Laurance. "We were always camped in the woods, out working with ax and saw. Even today I am the one who replenishes the woodpile at our ranch in Jackson Hole."

Rockefeller's decision to go into the resort business resulted from an interesting blend of two different facets of his career: one, his lifetime concern with conservation, the other, his conviction, arrived at through years of dealing with aviation and scientific corporations, that no place in the world was going to be far away for very long.

As early as 1938 he was backing Eddie Rickenbacker in a fight to control Eastern Air Lines, and he is now Eastern's largest single stockholder. He helped found or profitably kept alive such companies as McDonnell Aircraft Corp., a leading plane manufacturer; Reaction Motors, Inc., a rocketry pioneer; The Marquardt Corp., which produced the ramjet engine; and Itek Corp., a pioneer in the field of information technology, whose stock rose from a low of $2 per share to a high of $255.

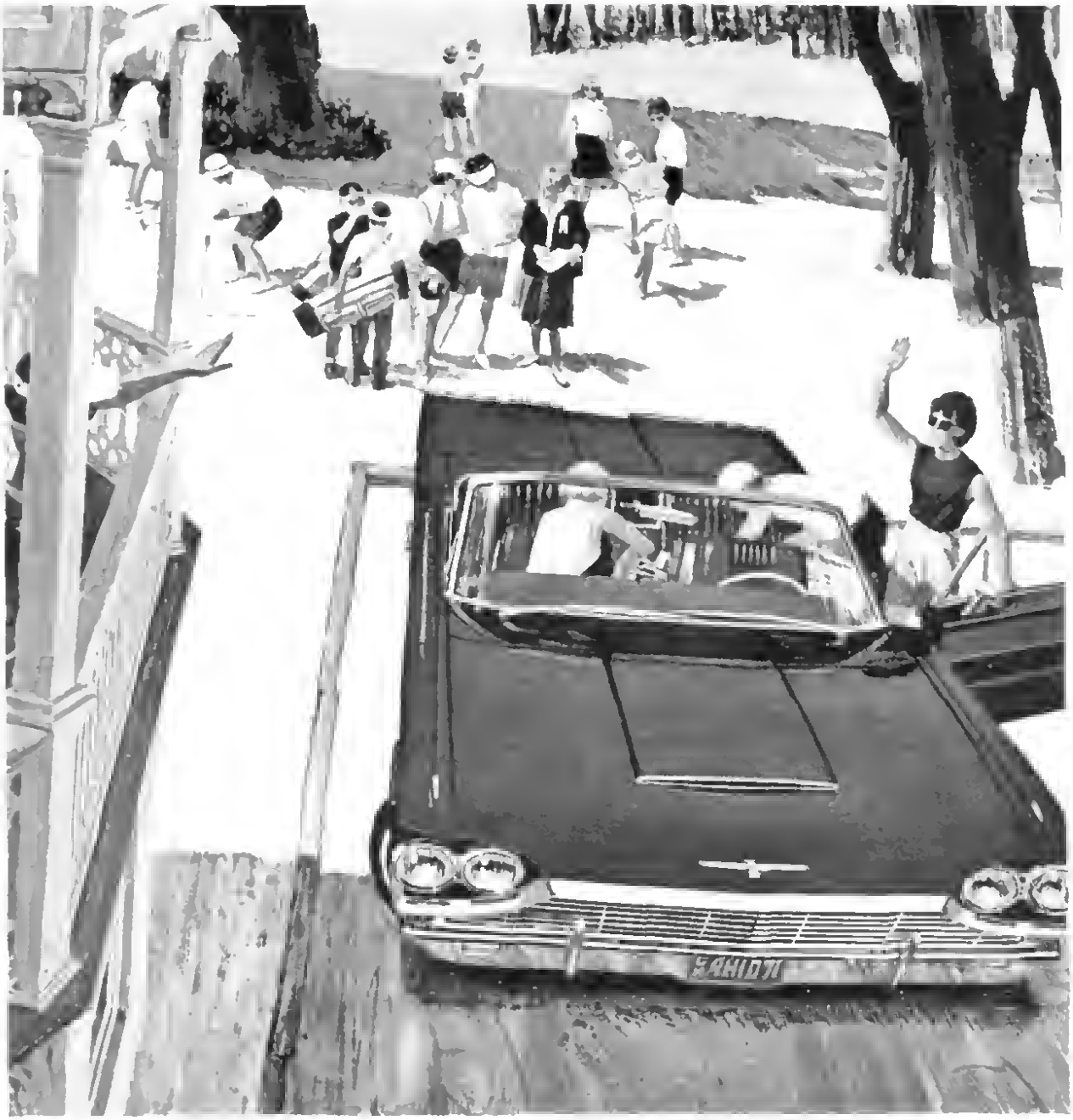
His interest in conservation kept pace with his involvement in the jet age. After the family donated land to the Grand Teton National Park, it was realized that the park was inaccessible to a large number of visitors, because there was almost no place to stay. The result was a $6 million investment in Jackson Lake Lodge and various smaller lodges back in 1955. At Jackson Hole a visitor can now stay for as much as $23 (in the main lodge) or as little as $5 (cost of renting a covered campsite). Caneel Bay Plantation, built on a more grandiose scale, was founded with much the same purpose in mind, to help make a wilderness, in this case the Virgin Islands National Park, more accessible.

While practically everything Laurance Rockefeller touches in the business world turns quickly into something that he could deposit in brother David's Chase Manhattan Bank, his resortman-conservationist role has led him into some fairly tumultuous situations. He is fully as shy about personal publicity as John or David, and determined to manage his productions from offstage, but circumstances have a way of yanking the curtain up prematurely, and there stands Laurance with an embarrassed smile. Caneel Bay is an excellent example. Rockefeller was out cruising in his yacht off the island of St. John one day in 1952 when he discovered what he considered to be one of the world's great beaches and decided to take a more active interest in the island as a whole. Through Jackson Hole Preserve, Inc., a nonprofit conservation organization founded in 1940, he began to buy up acreage on St. John. He planned to use 130 acres to develop the Caneel Bay Plantation, and to donate the rest of the property to the U.S. Government for a national park. On December 1, 1956 he gave the park system 5,000 acres, and he kept on buying, the idea being eventually to complete the acquisition of the total 9,500 acres authorized by Congress for the park—approximately three-quarters of the entire island. But local residents felt threatened by the possibility of dispossession—understandably enough.

"This gift horse is pushing us off our island," complained one Virgin Islands senator. Others saw the Rockefeller hotel as a blow, not an aid, to tourism, because all competition might be squeezed out. Still others felt the national park would be a drain on the local economy because such a large area would suddenly yield no tax revenue.

The fury died down until the fall of 1962, when Congress took under consideration a bill authorizing the expenditure of $1,250,000, to be supplemented by additional funds from Laurance

continued



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Rockefeller, to buy up pockets of land within the established park boundaries. The Interior Department, under this bill, would have the right to initiate condemnation proceedings against balky sellers. What followed was a classic example of that perpetually difficult situation in society in which a small number of people can be ousted for what is presumed to be the good of the many. Suffice it to say that old John D. at his robber-baron best was not called any worse names than the residents of St. John directed at grandson Laurance, who was essentially trying to give away land and money. In the end, the condemnation provision was removed from the bill.

Nor is the actual operation of the resorts complaint-proof. Laurance, like all of the Rockefeller family, is vehemently opposed to all forms of racial discrimination. There are no racial or religious restrictions, tacit or otherwise, at any of his resorts. Yet at Little Dix Bay he is accused of supporting racial bigotry. The population of Virgin Gorda is almost all Negro, and most of the help at Little Dix is Negro. When the manager recently fired some of his staff, a body of local politicians decided discrimination was involved. They told Rockefeller to discharge his manager or face a charge of discrimination himself.

But by now Laurance Rockefeller should be getting accustomed to the kinds of things that can happen to a conservationist-philanthropist-resort builder. It was just the other day that he was in the news again. Lyndon Johnson was grouchy late one afternoon and began to complain to reporters that the White House was not a very peaceful place to live. "When I was trying to take a nap today," the President told the newsmen, "Mrs. Johnson and Laurance Rockefeller had 80 women in the other room talking about daffodils growing on Pennsylvania Avenue."

Poor Laurance. The President himself had put Rockefeller on his Natural Beauty Task Force, and now this happens. Perhaps what Laurance needs is to take a week off somewhere at a peaceful resort. A new one is opening in Hawaii that might be fine for him. It is called Mauna Kea, and it has. . . END



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Two Flew Out of the Cuckoo Clock

It was a comic opera of a fight, with a lot of laughs and a lot of blood—and starring those talented comedians, Max Baer and Two-Ton Tony Galento **by FRANK GRAHAM JR.**

Mention Jersey City to a sports fan and the response will vary with his sensibilities. The right-thinking sort will immediately call up memories of Dempsey's classic battle with Carpentier at Boyles' Thirty Acres. An embittered Brooklyn fan will recall it as a way station on Walter O'Malley's flight to California. But those of us who fancy the grotesque will remember the wonderful brawl between Max Baer and Tony Galento, staged in Jersey City 25 years ago this summer.

Baer and Galento were the two most colorful heavyweights of their time. Of the two, only Baer was as pretty as Cassius Clay, but either could have outtalked him. Galento's "night stick" was his murderous left hook, while Baer had one of the hardest right-hand punches in boxing history. The two men detested each other sincerely and unflaggingly. As the columnist "Bugs" Baer (no relation to Max) wrote at the time, the promoters "turned the clock back and two cuckoos popped out."

Baer, a loud-mouthed Adonis, would have been at home as a modern wrestler. He postured and grimaced through his fights, flexed his enormous shoulder muscles, exchanged insults with the crowd and gestured derisively at his opponent. (One evening, earlier in his career, he had been badly outboxed by Tommy Loughran. As he chased the elusive Loughran around the ring, a fan at ringside kept shouting, "Hit him with your right, Max! Hit him with your right!" Baer, winded from throwing punches that never connected, finally turned on his supporter. "You come up here," he snarled, "and hit him with *your* right!")

Galento was a stubby, neckless man with a bloated face and a belly as big as Baer's chest (Tony's waist measured 42 inches, Baer's chest 44). He was as loud as Baer, and a good deal meaner, but there was some difference of opinion about his character. "He's the only fighter I ever hated," Baer said of him, while Tony's wife claimed, "He's really a big-hearted slob."

Galento and Baer were signed to fight in Jersey City's Roosevelt Stadium on July 2, 1940. The bout was scheduled, by some supreme optimist, for 15 rounds. Because of aversions to training, each even in his prime was subject to shortness of breath; Max liked women, Tony liked beer. Each had briefly known glory, Max during the 364 days he had held the heavyweight championship of the world, Tony during the second he had stood over Joe Louis after having knocked him down. Each had been knocked out by Louis in four rounds.

Under the circumstances, more talking than training took place in their respective training camps.

continued



FOR ONCE MAX AND TONY WERE TOO BUSY FIGHTING TO FIND MUCH TIME FOR TALK



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Two Flew Out ...continued

Tony's pride was his tavern in Orange, N.J. There he retreated when training became arduous, as it often did, and he would tie on his apron and serve beer to his customers while he told them how he was going to "moider th' bum."

Two nights before the fight, Tony's face was cut in a minor fracas in the saloon. Three stitches were required to close the wound, and there was speculation that the bout might have to be postponed. To squelch a rumor that would have affected the gate receipts, Abe J. Greene, New Jersey's boxing commissioner, examined Galento's multiscarred face and called the latest notch "an abrasion."

"It is inconsequential and will only spur me to speedier victory," Galento said, according to Greene. Tony may have been misquoted.

Twenty-two thousand people, paying almost $100,000, found their way to Roosevelt Stadium on the night of the fight. Both fighters were just past 30 and near the end of their careers, but the crowd had paid for blood rather than artistry. Galento was an 8-to-5 favorite. Though a head shorter than Baer, he outweighed him, 245 pounds to 221. By style and temperament he was more suited to the Pier 6 tactics the fighters' contempt for each other seemed sure to touch off.

But Baer's contempt was to prove stronger than his habitual dislike of blood and violence. Instead of pulling away from, and therefore directly into the path of Galento's fierce left hooks (as many fans suspected he would), Baer simply ducked under them. Galento's punches sailed harmlessly over his head or around his neck. Max kept sticking his left into Tony's soft face and occasionally bombing it with his right. By the second round blood was leaking from the ready-made incision on Galento's chin.

Galento shortly began to huff and puff. Any ballplayer or golfer will admit that it is a lot more wearing to swing and miss than to connect solidly. Missed punches quickly drained Tony's strength. Halfway through the rest period between rounds Baer stood up and disdainfully ordered his seconds to take his stool and leave the ring. If Galento, gasping on his stool across the ring, was capable of receiving psychological thrusts, this must have hurt.

Galento adopted tactics more to his own taste in the fourth round. Leaving his feet, he hurled himself head first at Baer. Tony's head struck him under the chin, but Baer grimaced more in anger than in pain. It was Galento's last attempt at intimidation. Max went back to swatting him, and the referee informed Tony at the bell that his butting had cost him, technically, a round he had already lost in blood.

Galento, brawling or boasting, had always stimulated the press to flights of bizarre prose. Groggy and bleeding now, he was the source of further inspiration. The next day Hype Igoe was to write in the *New York Journal-American*: "Blood was shooting all over Tony's pudgy face like the petals of a poinsettia."

Perhaps emboldened, perhaps growing winded himself, Baer slowed his attack to play to the crowd. When one of Galento's infrequent punches knocked his mouthpiece out, Baer stepped back and asked Referee Joe Mangold to pick it up before somebody tripped over it. Once he hammered Galento's head three or four times without a return, then laughed at him. When the two fighters slugged away after the bell had ended the fifth round, they were pried apart by Mangold. Baer turned to the referee and executed a deep apologetic bow, spreading one glove wide like the plume on a musketeer's hat. Galento could only stare at his tormentor angrily.

"Tony's so tired," someone at ringside said, "that he couldn't answer his cash register's bell."

The end came in the seventh round. Baer was puffing heavily now, but the blood ran in streams down Galento's swollen face, blinding and choking him. Baer landed two thunderous rights on his chin, then moved in on his floundering target and threw the hardest punch of the fight. It was a right that landed, just as the bell rang, in the pit of Galento's stomach. Tony said "Oof!" and wobbled to his corner, looking like a man who had just swallowed a small boulder. The doctor followed Tony to the corner and stopped the fight.

A trainer, pointing to Galento's bloody mouth, shouted to newspapermen: "It's a bad cut. This way and that way!"

"I can't breed," mumbled Tony.

Across the ring, a dwarf had appeared out of the crowd and climbed through the ropes. Baer grabbed him, and he and the dwarf fell wrestling to the canvas. Three cuckoos. **END**

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Outstanding pitching lifted [illegible] into the thick of the pennant scramble. Four times in five days the Indians [illegible]—a one-hitter by Luis Tiant, a two-hitter by Sam McDowell and three hitters by Ralph Terry and Sonny Siebert. What little relief work was needed was also first class: one run in 15 2/3 innings. Jose Azcue, Fred Whitfield and Rocky Colavito came through with game-winning hits [illegible] had to claw from behind—they won one game after trailing 8-0—to win four games. Denny McLain set a record for relief pitchers by striking out seven men in a row. Norm Cash, who had not hit a homer in eight weeks, hit two [illegible] scored little but let its opponents score even less. Relief aces Stu Miller, Dick Hall and Ted Abernathy and Hoyt Wilhelm did not give up a run in 12 innings. Jerry Adair, a .260 hitter with a .320 lifetime mark against the Yankees, [illegible] NEW YORK (2-6) by accounting for six of the Orioles' nine runs in a three-game sweep. The Yankees came to life temporarily against the Twins, then bogged down again on costly goof-ups—a passed ball and a wild pitch. Fine relief jobs by Eddie Fisher (two wins, one save) and timely homers by Bill Skowron and Pete Ward compensated for a .241 team BA and kept Ollie Wah (3-3) right behind league-leading MINNESOTA (4-3). No sooner had Twins Manager Sam Mele said that he could not only see the improvement in his pitchers but feel it, as well than they gave up 15 runs in two games. WASHINGTON (1-5) was well on its way to breaking its own major league record for striking out, but a bright spot was Pete Richert's second shutout against Baltimore.

TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING

NATIONAL LEAGUE

		IP		HRs	SO
LA	Drysdale	127	[illegible]	[illegible]	10
Mil	Cloninger	111	[illegible]	[illegible]	8
Cin	Ellis	98	Maloney	9[illegible]	*10*
SF	Marichal	125	Marichal	47	1
Pitt	Veale	109	Veale	101	8
Phil	Short	105	Bunning	93	9
StL	Gibson	126	Gibson	109	15
Chi	Buhl	95	Buhl	46	12
Hou	Bruce	103	Bruce	75	9
NY	Spahn	104	Jackson	57	18

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Minn	Kaat	112	Pascual	67	15
Chi	Horlen	95	Horlen	49	9
Clev	Terry	90	McDowell	116	8
Det	Lolich	92	Lolich	73	14
Balt	Pappas	91	Pappas	52	14
LA	Newman	115	Lopez	61	7
NY	Stottlemyre	109	Stottlemyre	57	13
Bos	Monbouquette	101	Morehead	58	15
Wash	Ortega	90	Richert	56	18
KC	Segui	78	Segui	60	10

Through June 14

a fifth time perfection. Crew Dean Chance moaned that he missed Bo Belinsky but the other LOS ANGELES (2-5) pitchers wanted not Bo but more hitting support.

"I haven't been able to maneuver my team," said KANSAS CITY (2-5) Manager Haywood Sullivan, which was the kindest thing to say about a team that had scored the fewest runs in the majors and had the worst earned-run average. BOSTON (1-5) snapped an eight-game losing streak but Dick Radatz was a flop again. Dave Morehead sprained the middle finger on his pitching hand. Explained Manager Billy Herman, incredulously: "Once in a while he sticks his finger in the ground on his follow-through."

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Jim Maloney of CINCINNATI (15-21) looked so bad in spring training that Manager Dick Sisler exiled him to the bullpen before Opening Day. But Maloney was given a starting assignment a week after the season began, pitched a one-hit, 2-0 shutout over the Braves and resumed his place as one of the "big" pitchers in the National League. Last week he turned in the finest—though most frustrating—game of his career when he struck out 18 men and pitched 10 no-hit, no-run innings against the Mets before losing 1-0 in the 11th when Johnny Lewis broke up the no-hitter with a home run. The irony implicit in losing a no-hitter has a special appeal. "The day after the game," Maloney said, "I was on the phone from 11 in the morning until 2:30 in the afternoon, *just talking to different people*. And the Reds screened the calls so that only about one of 10 actually reached me. It was the most sensational reaction I've ever experienced." Maloney received more than 200 letters and telegrams ("Most of them spoke about my being a good citizen, and being able to take this kind of thing with my head up") as well as a $1,000 raise from Reds' Owner Bill DeWitt. Five days later Maloney pitched again and won, 9-4. It was curious that little NEW YORK (2-5) should be the team to beat a man who had pitched a no-hitter. It broke a 10-game losing streak for the Mets, and it was their only win in a 16-game stretch. HOUSTON (2-6) Manager Luman Harris tried to help temperamental Jim Gentile to loosen up by saying, "Come on, throw a lot. You're so serious I don't recognize you." Forsaking the traditional Japanese belief that one must not try to show up the umpire, Masanori Murakami of SAN FRANCISCO (5-2) threw the resin bag angrily when he disputed a call; he drew a warning from Honorable Umpire. Japanese officials withdrew an invitation to the PITTSBURGH PIRATES (4-4) to play in Japan this fall because the Pirates "lack color." Maybe so. But during the Pirates' month-long winning surge, Willie Stargell hit nine homers, batted in 27 runs and *hit* .375, and Vernon Law won six straight games. Felipe Alou of MILWAUKEE (13-3) said: "Batting leadoff for this team is like hitting cleanup anywhere else." With six RBIs in one game and 38 for the year, Alou could well become the first leadoff man ever to drive in 100 runs. PHILADELPHIA (4-3) received much needed help—immediately from a .195 minor league hitter, and retroactively from former major league Manager Bob Schelling. Unable to hit .200 in the minors, Catcher Pat Corrales got five hits in his first six at bats with the Phils and twice threw out Maury Wills on attempted steals. As for Schelling, years ago he had told Jim Bunning, after the pitcher blew a three-run lead by giving up a grand-slam home run to a dangerous hitter, "You could have walked him. It would have cost you just one run." So, with a 5-1 lead over the Braves, bases loaded and Henry Aaron up, Bunning "semi-intentionally" walked Henry and went on to win. Lou Klein took over as Head Coach of ATLANTA (4-4), picked up two quick shutout wins and then lost four of the next six games. LOS ANGELES (4-3) Manager Walt Alston threatened fines if there were any repetition of recent curfew violations and "additional incidents." But Claude Osteen and Sandy Koufax pitched one-hitters. Jim Gilliam drove in vital runs and the Dodgers kept their strong grip on first place. ST. LOUIS (3-4) pitchers continued to sag, and Julian Javier suffered a broken hand. "The world is made up of problems," said Manager Red Schoendienst.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK



Jim Maloney

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BILLIARDS HAROLD WORST, 36, a tile manufacturer from Grand Rapids, won the all-round title at the $30,000 Las Vegas Open plus $4,350 in prize money. Worst, after finishing the nine-pocket session of the tournament, IRVING CRANE, one of the game's perennial winners, gained the straight pool title and myscenner ED KELLY JR. of Baltimore won the nine-ball championship.

BOXING Unbeaten NINO BENVENUTI, 27, of Italy, a 1960 Olympic gold medalist, won the world junior middleweight title by knocking out Ultan Moon Sindhu Mizenghi, 26, with a right uppercut in the sixth round of a scheduled 15-round match in Milan. It was the 57th straight victory for Benvenuti, who now wants a match with Middleweight Champion Joey Giardello of Philadelphia.

The world lightweight champion, ISMAEL LAGUNA of Panama, gained an eighth round TKO over Raul Soltano of Mexico in a scheduled 10-round non-title bout in Panama. In another non-title fight in Honolulu, Welterweight Champion EMILE GRIFFITH earned a unanimous 10-round decision over Eddie Pace of Los Angeles.

CREW The NAVY varsity eight-oared shell defeated favored Cornell by less than a length in the IRA championships on Lake Onondaga in Syracuse, N.Y., rowing the three-mile distance in 16:51.1 (*page 74*). Washington finished third, one and a half lengths back. Navy junior varsity and freshman shells also won their events for the best sweep in all three IRA titles in seven years.

In the nation's oldest and longest race, the Harvard-Yale 100-year rivalry over a four-mile course along the Thames (Conn.) River, HARVARD's eight-oared crew (*page 76*) romped to a whopping 10½-length victory over Yale in 19:41.6.

GOLF GARY PLAYER of South Africa shot a 71 in the 18-hole playoff of the U.S. Open in St. Louis to defeat Australia's Kel Nagle by three strokes after the two had tied at 282 in the regulation four rounds (*page 34*).

HARNESS RACING Ralph Baldwin's gelded DARTMOUTH (3:54.7[1]), 4-year-old trotter owned by Charleton Farms Inc. and Mrs. Frederick Van Lennep, to victory by a neck over Dashing Rodney in the $100,195.75 Realization Trot at Roosevelt Raceway, Yonkers. Dartmouth gained the Triple Crown's $15,000 bonus for a Standardbred who wins the major five at Roosevelt, Du Quoin (Ill.) State Fair, Delaware (Ohio) County Fair and Kentucky Futurity. It's Dexter Cup and 4-year-olds in consecutive seasons.

Richard Downing's HILT HANOVER ($2,601 driven by Frank Ervin, won the $17,400 Hanover Pompt pulse pace in Washington, Pa. in the record time of 1:57.2/5 to remain unbeaten in 29 consecutive starts—the longest winning streak in the modern history of pacing. The 3-year-old's fifth victory of the season was by three-quarters of a length over Bullet Vail.

HORSE RACING HYERES II, a 7-year-old French horse, ridden by Jean Daumas, won the four-mile, $64,000 Grand Steeplechase de Paris for the second year in a row, finishing 1½ lengths ahead of another French entry, Vasco. Jay Trump, Mrs. Mary Strawbridge's American hunter who won England's Grand National in March, was retired third, 2½ lengths behind the winner.

Argentine-bred TRUNADO ($19.40), ridden by Jockey Joe Bird and carrying a lightweight 113 pounds, upset three of the nation's top handicap horses in the $54,800 Inglewood Handicap at Hollywood Park with a victory by a neck over Hill Rice. Viking Spirit, who finished another neck behind in third, was disqualified for interference and last of the Quadrangle trio, two lengths back, gained the show spot.

Mrs. Ada L. Rice's 4-year-old colt PIA STAR ($8) won the $46,750 Turquoise Mile at Arlington Park, finishing five lengths ahead of Quita Dido. Ridden by Johnny Sellers, Pia Star equaled the world record for a mile set by Swaps at Hollywood Park in 1956 with a 1:33 clocking.

MOTOR SPORTS Ferraris swept the first three places in the 24-hour Le Mans endurance race in America's exotic car MASTEN GREGORY, formerly of Kansas City, Kans., won in a Ferrari entered by New York distributor Luigi Chinetti (*page 32*). It marked the sixth win in nine tries that a Ferrari has won. Gregory and co-driver Jochen Rindt of Austria covered 2,906.2 miles over the twisting 8.36-mile circuit set in French farm country to finish six laps ahead of Pierre Du-

[illegible] Taf Gr[illegible] Bi[illegible]ta and Jean Behra [illegible] while nine of the six Jaguars [illegible] completed the race.

SWIMMING FRANK WIEGAND, [illegible] Germany, the Olympic 400-meter freestyle champion, [illegible] stroked 1.2 seconds from the 220 yard freestyle world record with a clocking of 1:59.9 in Frankfurt.

TENNIS ARTHUR ASHE of UCLA, the third-ranked U.S. player, trounced Mike Belkin of the University of Miami 6-4, 6-1, 6-1 to win the NCAA singles championship in Los Angeles. Ashe and Ian Crookenden joined against another UCLA tandem of Dave Reed and Dave Sandefur to win the doubles title 8-6, 7-5, 6-3 to give UCLA the NCAA team championship, 31 points to Miami's 11.

ROY EMERSON of Australia was awarded the men's singles trophy of the London Grass Court championships by default when Dennie Ralston, the No. 1 ranked U.S. player, jammed his thumb during a stiff in the second doubles match and is forced out of the singles final. ANNETTE VAN ZYL of South Africa defeated England's Christine Truman 6-1, 4-6, 6-4 to take the women's title.

TRACK & FIELD JIM RYUN of Wichita, Kans., a 17-year-old junior recruit in the schoolboy Golden West meet in Sacramento with clockings of 4:04.3 for the mile and 1:48.4 for the two-mile (*page 56*). Other double winners were BOB HAWKI of Butte, Mont., in the shotput (61 feet 7¼ inches) and discus ($187 feet 11 inches), and RALPH WISE of Pitchburg, Calif., in the 100- and 19[illegible]1- and 220-yard (22.3 seconds although a recheck showed that the 220 was actually 230 yards in distance). BOB BEAMON of Jamaica, N.Y., hurtled 50 feet 1¾ inches in the hop, step-and-jump with the aid of a tailwind to top his own national interscholastic record by 9¾ inches. Other meet records were set by RON FREEMAN of Elizabeth, N.J., in the 440 (46.8); ERIC KELLY of Seattle in the broad jump (24 feet 10½ inches) and BOB STEINHOFF of Downey, Calif., in the pole vault (15 feet 6 inches).

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA and OREGON, last winners of two NCAA team titles in the past four years, collected 32 points apiece in the NCAA championships in Berkeley, Calif., to split the title. It marked the first tie in the meet's 44-year history. DOUG BROWN, a 5-foot 6-inch distance runner from Montana's tiny Carlsberg and meet records with a 27:59.2 in the six-mile run, finishing 330 yards ahead of runner-up Chris Wrenn of Washington State. Brown also set the mile (other meet record with a 13:40.5 in the three-mile run, beating John Lawson of Kansas by inches. CLARENCE ROBINSON of New Mexico, the meet's other double winner, leaped 25 feet 10½ inches in the broad jump and 51 feet 2 inches in the hop, step and jump. BOB DAY of UCLA, who a week earlier had run a mile in 3:56.4, won the event in a metaseek slow 4:01.9 after a sizzling early pace. [illegible]:3 at the quarter and 1:53.4 at the half; and TOM TARRITT of St. John's University took the 880 (1:48.1) by [illegible] yards over Villanova's Nick Carnill. EARL HORNER of Villanova won the 220 with a 21.1 in a photo finish with Edwin Richette of North Carolina College. The Olympic bronze medalist and CHARLIE GREENE of Nebraska took the 100-yard dash in 9.4.

Australia's RON CLARKE lowered his own world record in the 10,000-meter run by 1.6 seconds with a 28:14.0 in Turku, Finland, and HAROLD CONNOLLY of Santa Monica, Calif., raised his own world mark in the hammer throw by 7½ inches with a throw of 233 feet 9½ inches in Walnut, Calif.

JIM GRELLE of Portland, Ore. (*page 50*), New Zealand's Peter Snell in a heralded "Miracle Mile" at the Vancouver, B.C., international meet and won in 3:55.4. The fastest mile ever run by an American, Snell finished 10th and last, apparently troubled by stomach ailment.

MILEPOSTS PROMOTED: JOE KLEIN, 46, from batting coach to head coach of the eighth-place Chicago Cubs, Klein replaces BOB KENNEDY, 44, the head coach for the past two seasons (record: 162 wins, 198 losses) under the Cubs' rotating coaching system.

SIGNED: For $[illegible],000 by the Kansas City Athletics, Outfielder RICK MONDAY, the first choice in the major league free-agent draft. MONDAY, who hit .359 for NCAA champion Arizona State, was assigned to the Athletics' Lewiston, Idaho farm team in the Class A Northwest League.

RESIGNED: BOB BOYD, 35, the highly successful basketball coach at Seattle University, the past two seasons (22-6, 19-7) to go into business. Freshman Coach Lionel Pitrell will succeed him.

CREDITS

25 [illegible] 26 [illegible]
28, 31 [illegible] 32, 33 [illegible] 36
38 [illegible] 54 [illegible]
[illegible] 56, 60 [illegible] 69, 72 [illegible]
[illegible] 74 [illegible] 86
[illegible]

FACES IN THE CROWD



MIKE ANNISON, a June graduate of Williams College and the nation's second leading lacrosse goal scorer with a total of 45 for the season, scored a record nine goals during the annual All-Star game in Syracuse, N.Y., to boost the North to a 15-10 victory over the South.



RON WALLINGFORD, 32, a professor and track coach at McMaster (Ont.) College running in only his seventh marathon, won the AAU national title in Holyoke, Mass. with a time of 2:22:29. Wallingford finished 3:02 minutes ahead of runner-up John Kelley.



CLYDE WRIGHT, a left-handed pitcher (10-0 season, 33-3 career) and a right-handed outfielder (.445, 14 HRs) for Carson-Newman (Tenn.) College, struck out 37 in two games to lead his team to the NAIA title in St. Joseph, Mo. He then was drafted by the Angels.



DONALD RABY, a 35-year-old marina operator from Lansing, Mich., in his first try at the 138-mile Hudson River Marathon, won the event in a 17-foot Dorsett, finishing five miles ahead of the pack. "It was like roller skating down a railroad track," he said later.



JUNE DOUGLAS, 39, a Palm Beach stockbroker, averaged over 150 mph to win the 1,468-mile women's international New Jersey-to-Nassau air race. Mrs. Douglas closed the vents on her Piper Cherokee to reduce wind drag, and shed five pounds in the steamy cabin.



JERRY SMITH, a freshman at Odessa (Texas) Junior College, sank a 15-foot putt on the first extra hole of the 72-hole National Junior College Golf Championship in Grand Rapids, Mich. to gain the medalist title. He also helped Odessa win its sixth team title in seven years.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

STATUS PLUS QUO

Sirs:

Having just completed your article *The Negro Athlete Is Invited Home* (June 14), I congratulate Frank Deford on his well-written and informative coverage concerning the lifting of the recruiting "ban" involving the Negro athletes and the southern colleges and universities. Ron (Fritz) Williams of West Virginia University is indeed an outstanding basketball player and is certainly a potential All-American. However, I question Mr. Deford's statement that Ron can help bring *back* to WVU something they already possess. I refer to WVU's tremendous semifinal win over the highly ranked Davidson Wildcats and their final win over William & Mary in this past Southern Conference basketball tournament. Regardless of the criticism involving tournament procedure, this does give the Mountaineers the right to wear the crown in Southern Conference basketball. True, our four Negro basketball players will help to retain the title, but let us not forget where it rests now, Davidson won't!

LARRY E. CASEBEER

Somerset, Pa.

KANGAROO COURT

Sirs:

After the vituperation heaped on you from letter writers (19TH HOLE, June 14) because of Virginia Kraft's May 31 article, *Goodbye Kangaroos*, let me say that the article was not "inflammatory" enough. It is shocking to me that the rape of wildlife that has been going on in Australia for decades can continue unchecked in this day and age. That men in this country, where the seed of unspoiled wilderness bore its greatest fruit, condone it or close their minds to it is unthinkable. What people with short-sighted vision can't seem to understand is that nature, like man, has rights, whether the law recognizes them or not. In Australia it seems a kangaroo court is in session.

DICK COSTELLO

Cincinnati

Sirs:

Your article failed to consider both sides of a difficult problem. Above all it was an unfair indictment of Australia's attitude toward its wildlife. I have recently returned from a survey of the possibilities of doing a film involving the wildlife of that country, during which I conversed at length with key representatives in the wildlife fields at state and federal levels, and with the managers of the main zoos. On that trip, I discovered certain facts that should be made clear.

1) There is no natural prey of the kangaroo that effectively limits its population. Settlement of the outback brings with it artificial water supplies and crop planting, which tend to increase an annual population normally held in check by periodic droughts —such as the one during the past year.

2) Today, Australians in general are very conscious and considerate of their unusual wildlife, particularly of such forms as the platypus and koala bear, in which they take a national pride. Injured or stray members found at random are often taken substantial distances to the nearest sanctuary. These are very popular and allow many animal types to roam at will in free contact with the public.

3) Australian teams of scientists are engaged in ecological and biological studies of the kangaroo and other marsupials. It is a pity that your writer did not get acquainted with some of the facts concerning the population counts of today relative to earlier years that these teams have brought out, rather than getting emotionally involved from observation at several water holes. It is my understanding that, with all the killing, the red kangaroo (the main victim) is holding his own. If he becomes scarce in some areas, the shooting will stop because it becomes unprofitable.

4) With few exceptions, the marsupial fauna of Australia is protected stringently by state wildlife agencies. It is unlawful to hold in captivity or barter in those animals without permission. But because of the quantity of kangaroos competing for scarce feed needed by sheep and cattle in certain areas, these authorities must provide permits for shooting them. In the back country, where water is very scarce, a great deal of land is needed to support one sheep, not to mention sheep and kangaroos. This is a controversial situation, not fully understood even by Australian urbanites who vehemently voice their displeasure when the subject arises in newspapers and television documentary films. At first acquaintance the slaughtering is frightening and repugnant. That there are two sides to the problem is evident upon further examination—and recognized by Australia's wildlife administrators who, sadly, are in the middle. They must consider the problems of the grazier yet bear the brunt of the townspeople's wrath.

I agree that Australia should, wherever possible, set aside more areas as primitive tracts for protection of wildlife and human recreation. This will doubtless come. Furthermore, slaughter of kangaroos is an unfortunate and unhappy method for limiting their numbers. They are attractive animals, whose natural curiosity makes them easy targets. However, the species that is being reduced is far from being threatened with extinction. Let us hope for alternative methods of control.

N. PAUL KENSWORTHY, JR.

New York City

STOP SIGN

Sirs:

One of my most vivid memories of several expeditions in the White Mountains of New Hampshire is a sign posted on each trail that reads "STOP—The area ahead has the worst weather in America. Many have died there from exposure even in the summer. Turn back now if the weather is bad. White Mountain National Forest."

Unfortunately, too many climbers have ignored such signs. Your recent article, *72 Hours of Terror* (June 14 and 21), should serve as a warning to those who have yet to make the mistake.

JON KAPLAN

Columbus, Ohio

CASE AGAINST CASING

Sirs:

How "open" is the National Open? My reference is to the numerous pretournament practice rounds played at Bellerive by many of the name pros in recent weeks. I intend no criticism of these fine players who have been "easing" the course. As far as I know, there is no USGA regulation to prohibit their doing so. However, in the interests of the little man who might be busy chasing a fast dollar at the Cleveland Open, the club pro who might be coaching the club members up until the last moment, or the amateurs who have to stick at their jobs, I believe it would be in order for the USGA to establish a rule that practice and "casing" be confined to the three official practice days already established, namely, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of the week of the tournament. Of course, it is too late for such an edict this year but, in my opinion, serious consideration should be given to some such ruling for next year's Open.

I would be very much interested in other readers' opinions on the subject.

ESID H. CLARKE

St. Louis

OVER THE TABLE

Sirs:

Having been on the scene, as president of the American Contract Bridge League, at Buenos Aires during the recent international bridge championships under the sponsorship of the World Bridge Federation, I was most interested in the reports of the Reese-Schapiro incident (*Down-fingered Excuse*, June 7).

I test your readers conclude from the accurate coverage given this incident that



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cheating is rife in either home or tournament bridge circles, I believe it would be well to point out that deportment of this type is exceedingly rare, and that those in authority are extremely vigilant in maintaining proper and ethical standards. Further, it teaches a salutary lesson to all bridge players that improper acts are subject to scrutiny and discipline, regardless of the caliber of the players involved.

ROBIN B. MACNAB

Bozeman, Mont.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Sirs:

In *Secrets of a Master Showman* (June 14) Bill Veeck says that he has always wanted to find a ballplayer born on Christmas for one of his promotions. Mr. Veeck must have poor eyesight since Nelson (Nellie) Fox, to whom he refers earlier in the article, was born on Christmas Day.

JOEL COCKRELL

Washington

Sirs:

Tell Bill Veeck that Al Jackson of the Mets was born on Christmas Day, 1935. Tim Harkness, that outstanding first baseman currently with Atlanta, came close. His birthday is December 23.

ISABEL RONALD

Sea Cliff, N.Y.

UNABSCONSTRUCTED

Sirs:

The article titled *A Different Kind of Season* in your June 7 issue is the worst piece of literature I have ever read. All it is doing is praising the White Sox and criticizing the Yankees. This article actually says that the Yanks are out of the race and Chicago has already won it. The White Sox will be lucky if they come in third. The best team will come in first and the Yankees are the best. Now that Howard is back, watch the Yanks rise!

JIM NOWAKOWSKI

Houston

Sirs:

William Leggett's article is ridiculous! How can a team such as the Yankees be counted out so early in the season? Publish this letter now or, *even better*, when Mr. Leggett writes an article on how the Yankees won the pennant in late September.

MORTON A. SWEIG

Pound Ridge, N.Y.

Sirs:

The White Sox couldn't beat the Yankees. Come October, Detroit and Pittsburgh, two teams nobody else has been watching, will walk away with the pennants.

JACKIE ARROWOOD

Mooresboro, N.C.

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